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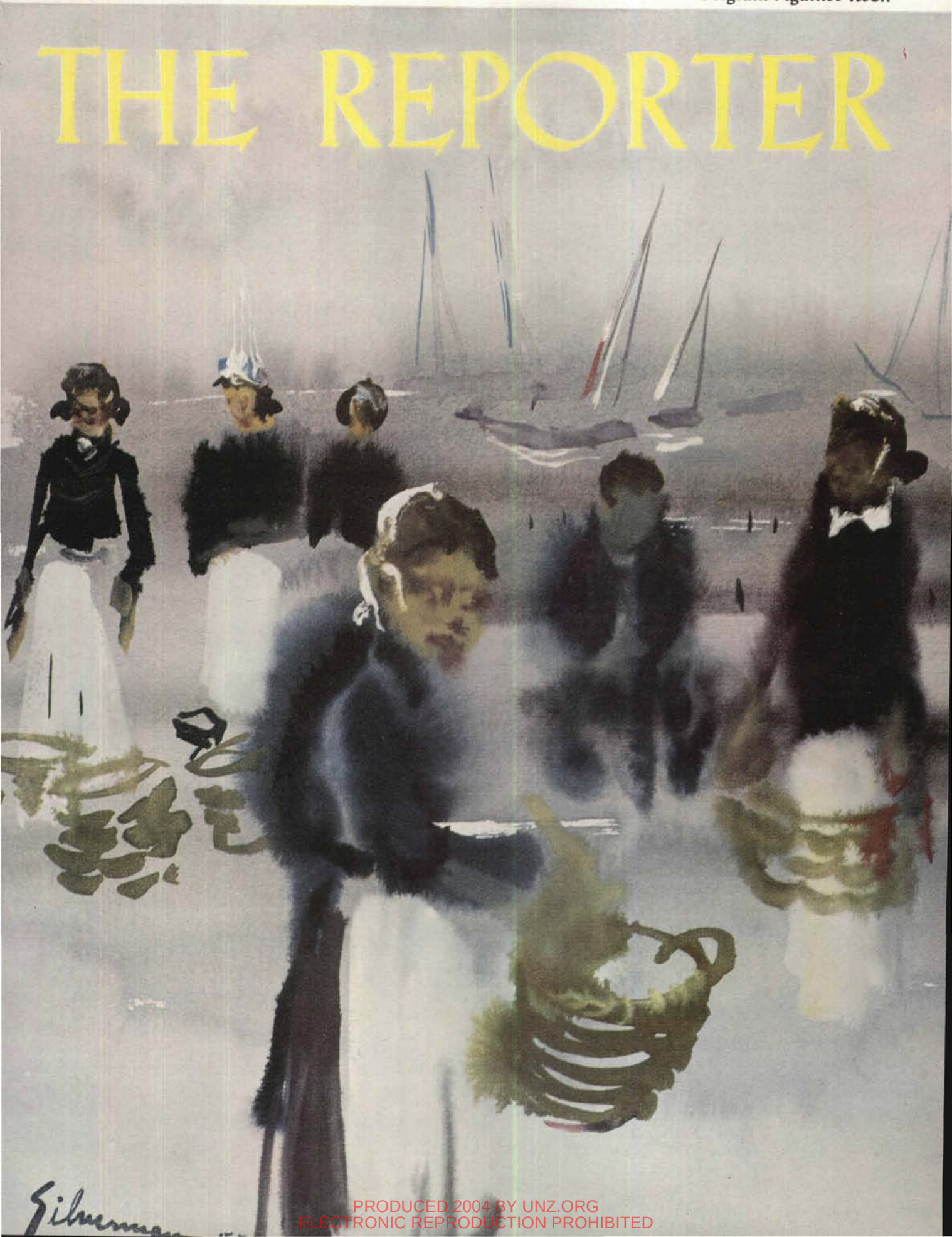

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Sanromá at home, with violinist Kashiro Figueroa and piano student Cecilia Talavera. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

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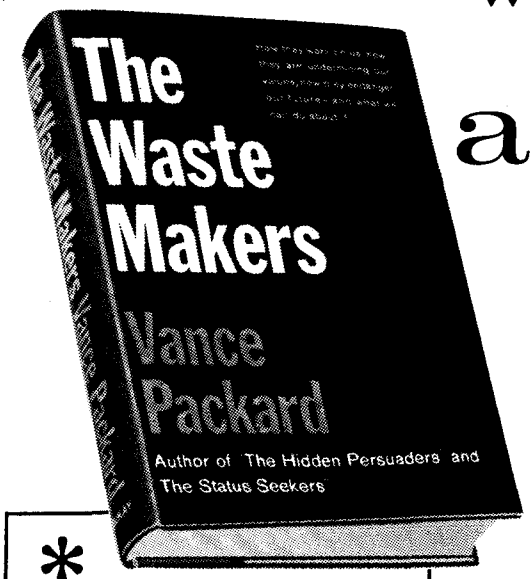

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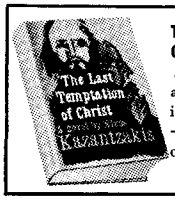

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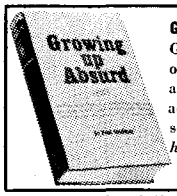

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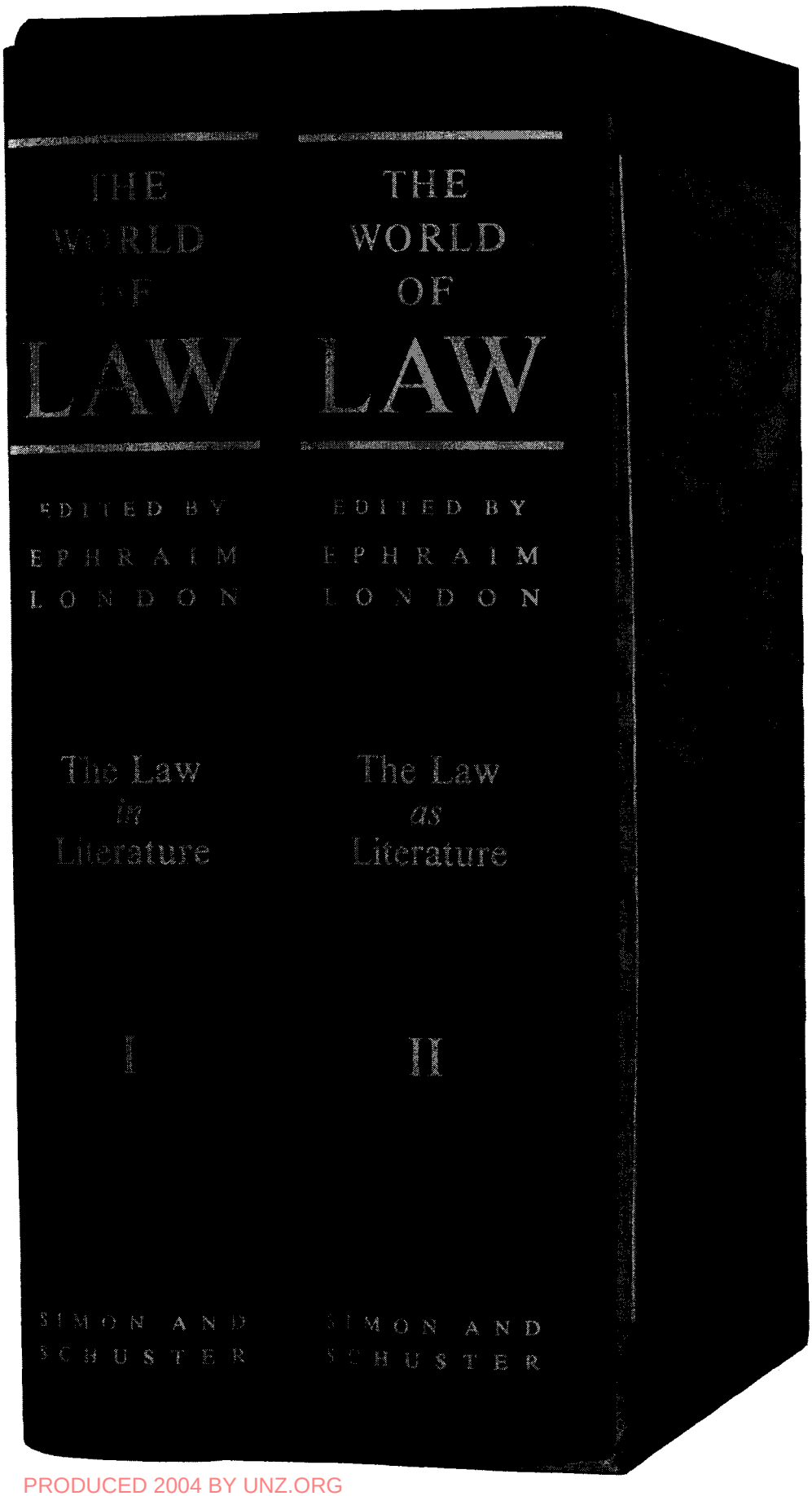

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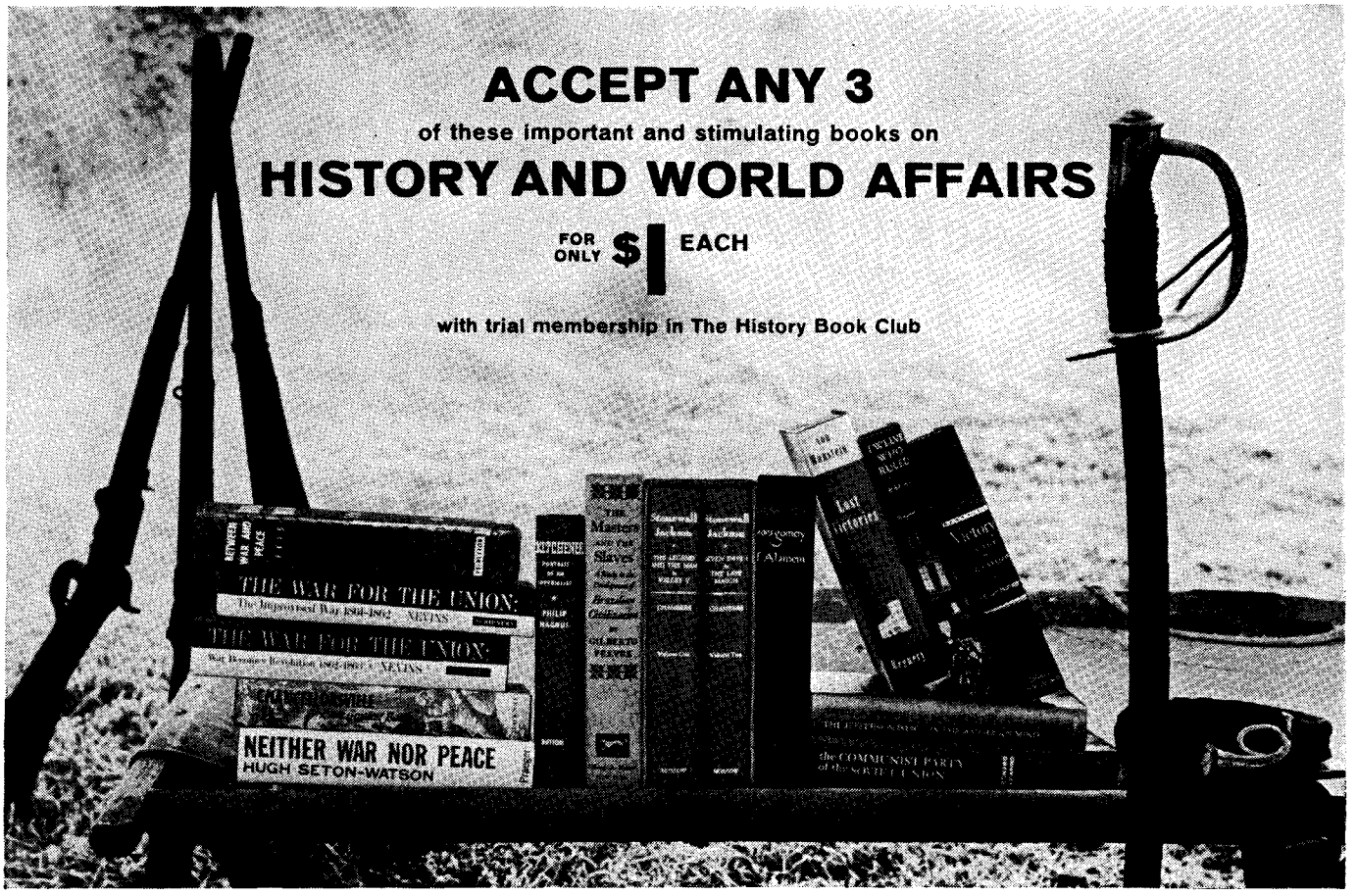
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IN OUR LAST ISSUE **Max Ascoli's** editorial reactions to President Kennedy's inauguration address were not overenthusiastic. Since then, however, the President's State of the Union message and his various appearances on television have been characterized by that element of concreteness, that grasp of what is factual, which made us support him during the election campaign. If we may say so, with all due respect, we like our President without rhetorical frills—we have had enough inspirational talk during the last eight years. In this issue's editorial, Max Ascoli quotes extensively from a speech that Nikita Khrushchev made on January 6. It is a speech that we consider to be of great importance, but for some reason the majority of newspapers in this country have chosen either to ignore it or to deal with it inaccurately. Among the few exceptions—as always—is the *Christian Science Monitor*. Even the New York *Times*, which usually prints massive documents *in toto*, did not consider this particular speech fit to print or to report on adequately.

ON THE WHOLE, **Willard A. Hanna's** report on the three "revolutions" of Indonesia, Malaya, and Singapore gives some ground for optimism. Indonesia, under the notoriously chaotic régime of President Sukarno, still presents a sorry picture; but the men who lead Malaya and Singapore have shown a degree of statesmanship which, while less spectacular than Sukarno's antics, is steadily attracting attention. Both are developing their "revolutions" on sound capitalist principles, and both are beginning to prove that even the difficulties of blending different racial groups into one nation can be overcome within the framework of their democracies. Mr. Hanna is with the American Universities Field Staff. A revised edition of his *Bung Karno's Indonesia*, a collection of twenty-five reports for the AUFS, has just been published. . . . In the years since the 1954 Geneva Agreements, the United States has spent more than $250 million in Laos. It is time to review in some detail the troubles of this stormy little country and to consider what new approach we must take to its problems. The Laos article is by a journalist who has visited Southeast Asia including Laos, many times.

As individuals, the Belgians are still better off economically than most people in Europe. But as a nation, their prospects have been growing steadily dimmer. As our Mediterranean correspondent, **Claire Sterling,** shows, the real causes of Belgium's present unrest are much deeper and much older than either Premier Gaston Eyskens's Loi Unique or the Congo fiasco. . . . The Kennedy administration is faced with the necessity of curing the recession at home while at the same time trying to counteract our serious balance-of-payments deficit—a remarkably delicate task, since obvious anti-recession measures would probably only worsen the balance-of-payments situation. **Otto Eckstein** shows that the two problems must be considered together, however difficult it may seem to reconcile their solutions. Mr. Eckstein is an associate professor of economics at Harvard who recently was technical director of the Congressional Study of Employment Growth and Price Levels. . . . The impasse of New Orleans has largely disappeared from the nation's front pages. **Douglass Cater,** our Washington editor, reports from Louisiana on a situation in which a Federal judge is beset by problems beyond the capacity of his office. . . . In Morocco, Moslems and Jews have lived for centuries in more or less uneasy harmony. **Edmond Taylor,** our European correspondent, discusses the recent flare-up of Moroccan anti-Semitism in terms of modern North African nationalism. . . . Hsuan Wei is a former Chinese Nationalist marine with a propensity for speaking his mind about Chiang Kai-shek's régime. Now, after seven years of litigation in which Chiang has tried—so far vainly—to get his hands on his errant soldier, Hsuan Wei is on his way to becoming a *cause célèbre*. **Charles Remsberg,** a free-lance writer, has followed Wei's case since he first met him some years ago.

Patricia Blake is a journalist specializing in Soviet affairs. . . . **Gerald Weales,** who teaches drama at the University of Pennsylvania, discusses the season off-Broadway. . . . **Marya Mannes,** who often reviews television for us from the armchair side of the business, reports this time on what it was like at the snowy end of the inauguration festivities. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is editor of *High Fidelity*. . . . **Alfred Kazin** discusses the work of Albert Camus. . . . **George Steiner's** *The Death of Tragedy* will be published by Knopf in April.

Our cover is a watercolor by **Howard A. Silverman.**

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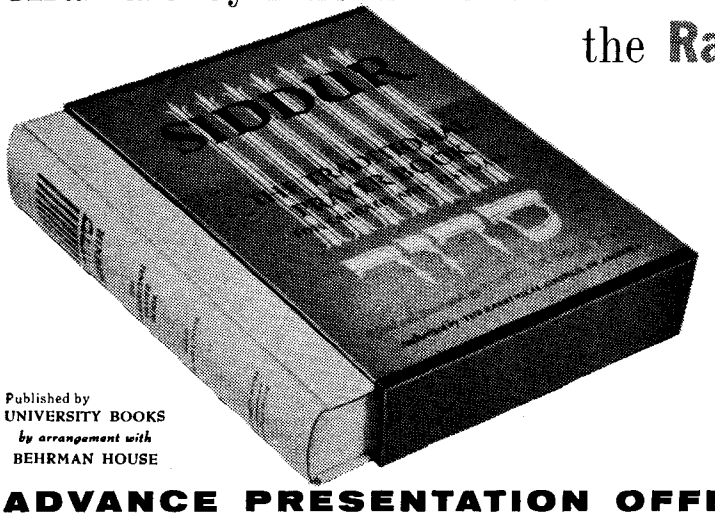

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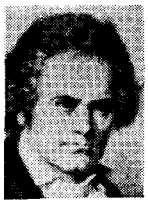

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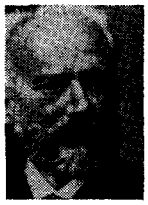

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE SHERIFF'S WORD

(Paul Jacobs's article in our November 24 issue, "A Movie with a Message," about a film called Operation Abolition, *certainly has touched a very sensitive spot. The reactions from a certain radio commentator never come to an end—and his has not been the only shrill complaint. For some reason most of the ire was aimed at a rather minor detail, namely, what the sheriff of San Francisco had said on a TV program. The two essential points raised by Mr. Jacobs and stressed by a number of other publications were the manner in which the film was produced and the propriety of the House Un-American Activities Committee's behavior. Even the committee's chairman, Francis E. Walter, has admitted that the film commentary was "in error" in its reference to "Harry Bridges, whom you see here being escorted out of City Hall by police officials moments before the rioting broke out."*

But the insistence on the sheriff's memorable remark went on unabated. Somehow we knew that we were going to hear from the sheriff. His letter has arrived and is here duly published, followed by a comment from Mr. Jacobs, who managed to listen once more to a tape of the famous program.)

To the Editor: My attention has been directed to an article on page 41 of the November 24 issue of *The Reporter*. This article includes a statement as follows: "After the riots were over, the sheriff of San Francisco County said: 'There was no act of physical aggression on the part of the students.'"

As sheriff of San Francisco continuously during the last five years, I assure you that I did not make the above statement. The meetings of the House Committee on Un-American Activities embraced three days—May 12, 13, and 14, 1960. I was present at City Hall on each day except during the noon recess of Friday, May 13. The acts of violence by demonstrators and the defensive action by the City Police took place during this noon recess.

Publication of this correction will be appreciated by me.

MATTHEW C. CARBERRY, Sheriff
San Francisco

Mr. Jacobs replies:

On June 30, 1960, in the television program over San Francisco station KQED which I heard along with thousands of other people, Sheriff Carberry had the following exchange with Professor Henry Nash Smith of the University of California English Department:

PROFESSOR SMITH: "I'd like to come back to the question whether in your opinion, Mr. Carberry, acts of violence were committed by the people other than the police before the fire hoses were turned on. Is this the basis of the police action?

SHERIFF CARBERRY: "No acts of physical violence."

PROFESSOR SMITH: "Well, what kind of acts?"

SHERIFF CARBERRY: "Acts of noise and disturbance which occasioned the courts closing their session on Thursday afternoon."

Sheriff Carberry did make a qualified statement that he had been "told" by the local police, who are not under his jurisdiction, that the turning on of the fire hose was occasioned by an "act of violence against a uniformed police officer," but he also said that he had not seen this act himself. At the time I listened to the broadcast, I thought the sheriff used the word "aggression"; instead he said "violence." I am sorry that this error occurred, but I do not think the difference between "aggression" and "violence" changes in any way the significance of the sheriff's answer to Professor Smith's question. I must also add that on this television program the sheriff was commendably cautious in his analysis of the whole incident.

NO REASON FOR NOSTALGIA

To the Editor: I am sure that many of your old subscribers share your near-nostalgia for the time when it was not fashionable to be a *Reporter* reader ("A Report to Our Readers," *The Reporter*, January 5). I remember very well the inspiration I found in your pages during the McCarthy days. Congratulations upon your increasing success. Congratulations too on your promise that although Washington today is so highly populated with old *Reporter* readers and writers, you will continue to comment on the affairs of the nation and the world without fear or favor. It is good to know that we can still look to *The Reporter* for clear forthright thinking and independent reporting. As long as this is so, neither you nor your readers have any reason to be nostalgic.

C. A. BROOME
New York

To the Editor: I notice that in your "A Report to Our Readers" you fail to mention that *The Reporter* has any circulation overseas. Is the number crossing the ocean really so negligible? If so, I feel one of a most select group.

JOAN GOODMAN
Paris

(Our foreign subscriptions as of the January 19, 1961, issue totaled 11,143. This does not include newsstand sales.)

VILLAGE IN THE CITY

To the Editor: Aside from being a beautiful poem in parts, Marya Mannes's "Village Life" ("The New York I

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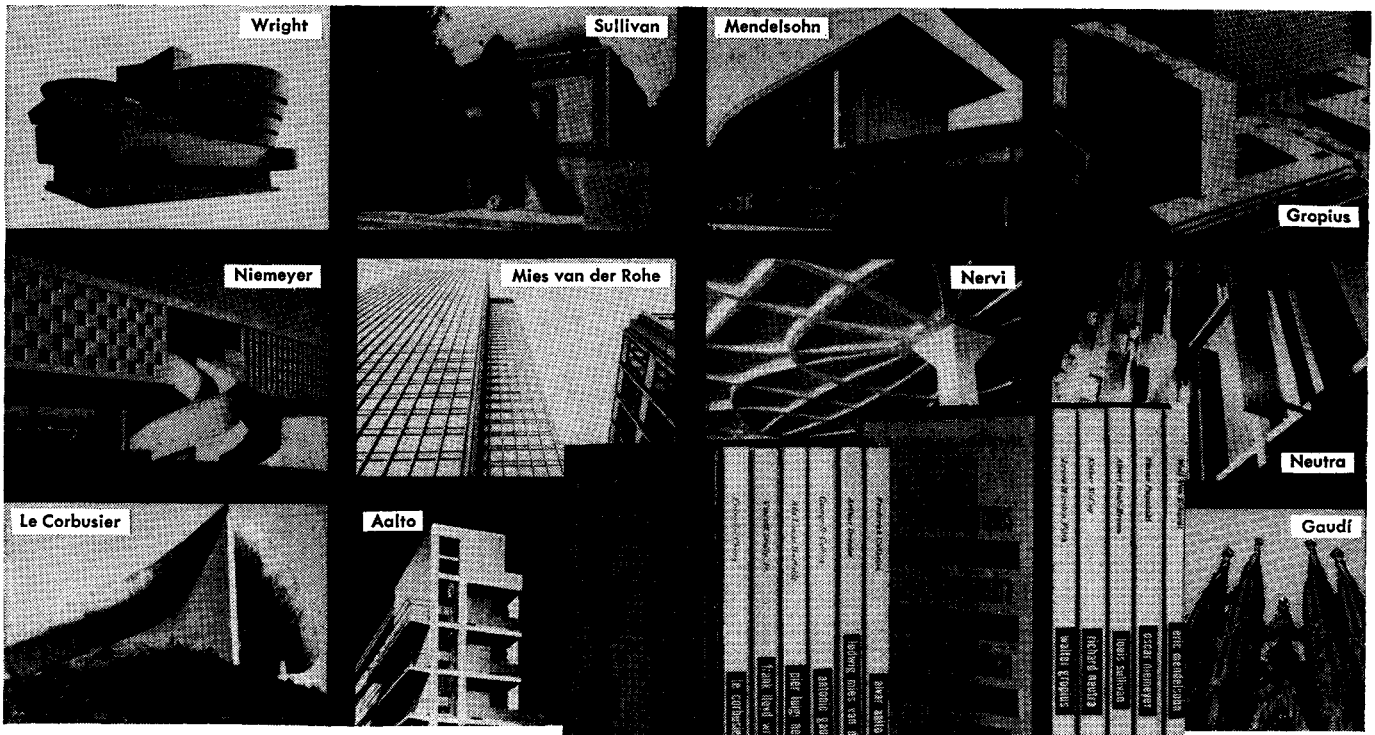

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What more can we say?—except to add that British bobbies, maps and road signs all speak English. And that the two British motoring clubs keep 3,500 uniformed motorcyclists permanently on patrol to help motorists in distress.

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Where to write

For the free literature mentioned above, write to the British Travel Association, Box 312, at any one of the following addresses:

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90 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Canada.

Know: VII," *The Reporter*, January 19) points out the tragedy in the loss of the old Greenwich Village spirit. She could not have overemphasized the commercialism that is driving the rightful inhabitants away.

And had she said nothing else in the article, her closing paragraph would have made it worth reading.

SONYA MICHEL
Stanford University
California

PUERTO RICAN BENEFITS

To the Editor: In his informative report on Puerto Rico ("Puerto Rico: the Best Answer to Castro," *The Reporter*, January 19), Douglass Cater has permitted himself a factual error with respect to the Commonwealth's social legislation. While it is true that Puerto Rican "unemployed can travel without restrictions to the mainland," it is not the case that on arrival "they qualify for unemployment and Social Security benefits not available to those who remain on the island." Since 1950, the old-age, survivors, and disability insurance system has been applied to Puerto Rico on the same basis as on the mainland. The public-assistance features of the act are also applicable there, but with somewhat different sharing by the Fereral government in the grants-in-aid programs involved.

In 1959, unemployment-insurance benefits became payable to insured workers in Puerto Rico under its own unemployment-insurance law; by Congressional action in 1960, the Commonwealth has become part of the Federal-state unemployment-insurance system, with contributions from the island's employers after January 1, 1961, being deposited in Puerto Rico's own account in the Unemployment Trust Fund in the U.S. Treasury, and the entire cost of administration (as in the fifty states and the District of Columbia) being met by Federal grants, through the U.S. Department of Labor. Since 1954, however, Federal civilian employees, and since 1958, U.S. military personnel, in Puerto Rico have been entitled to unemployment protection under Title XV of the Social Security Act, but benefits are payable at the amounts under the terms and conditions of the District of Columbia unemployment-compensation law.

In comparison with the mainland, the lower wage levels in Puerto Rico are reflected in lower weekly benefit payments; in order to protect the newly established fund against too heavy drains, the higher rate of unemployment has led to the adoption of shorter duration benefits. Here, as in the area of wage levels, the differential between Puerto Rico and the mainland may well diminish as experience under this new program accumulates.

PHILIP BOOTH
Chief, Division of Program and Legislation
U.S. Department of Labor

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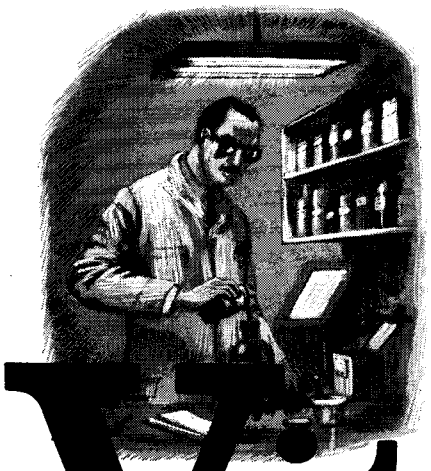

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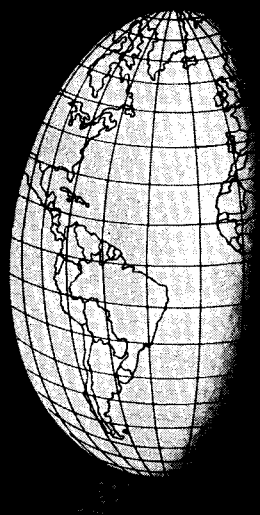

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The First Battle

It was a dramatic moment when Speaker Rayburn stepped down into the well of the House to confront Judge Smith in the fight over enlarging the House Rules Committee from twelve to fifteen. These two ancients had fought side by side in many battles, not the least of which was the power struggle in 1933 when Mr. Sam "packed" the Rules Committee by putting Judge Smith on it. Now Mr. Sam was "packing" the committee again, this time to keep Judge Smith from blocking new legislation.

The speaker, his last effort at compromise having failed, showed no mercy to his old ally as he let fly with rasping Texan sarcasm. Unlike the others who supported the change, Rayburn also didn't forget to mention his young friend who has moved into the White House and is expected to keep Congress quite busy.

As in all cliffhangers, nobody was sure how it would come out until the very end of the roll call. The lean, slightly stooped judge, who was going strong in the early part of the alphabet, paced the back corridor of the House, puffing his cigar. Representative Charles C. Diggs, Jr. (D., Michigan), stood among his colleagues, signaling the margin of the ayes and nays with his fingers. Several times it was a single thumb.

It took full mobilization of the regular troops and a desperate recruitment of soldiers of fortune to get a five-vote victory. Mistakes had been made; Mr. Sam had been unduly cautious in preparing for the final showdown. The last-minute intervention of the White House may have been decisive, but nobody could claim that the outcome was a great success. The only thing certain was that a few votes the other way would have been a disaster for the new administration.

On this rather grim note, Mr. Kennedy takes up relations with Congress. He must be aware that the House, even more than the Senate, threatens to be a difficult obstacle course for his legislative program. The Senate, except for its balkiness in the field of civil rights, has generally been more receptive to major Democratic legislation than the House in recent years.

This situation was not improved for President Kennedy by the recent election. Last year, the House passed the school-construction bill by seventeen votes; in the fall election, the Democrats sustained a net loss of twenty-two votes in the House. This also cut away more than the margin by which they had passed depressed-area legislation, and even when they had the extra votes, they failed to pass Kennedy's version of the minimum-wage bill.

The meaning for Mr. Kennedy is clear. To be sure, he is President. But in his control of Congress—and particularly the House—the same conditions still prevail as in the days when the returns were being counted and there was a tentative quality about his election. In a way, this is right, for we are a democracy and the people's will cannot be ignored. The President's mettle will be tested by the way he succeeds in gaining the actual leadership of the nation and of his party. Mr. Kennedy has won a battle, but there is still a war to be fought.

A Real Pro

If television has made no other contribution to the health and well-being of our democratic institutions, it has at least given the voters a chance to see how a wide variety of public figures act under pressure. Smile as he would, Vice-President

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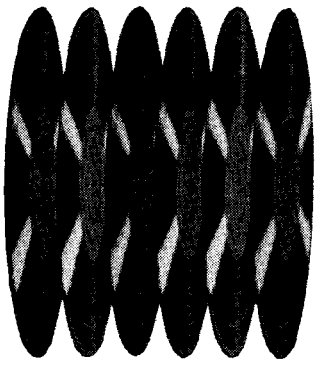

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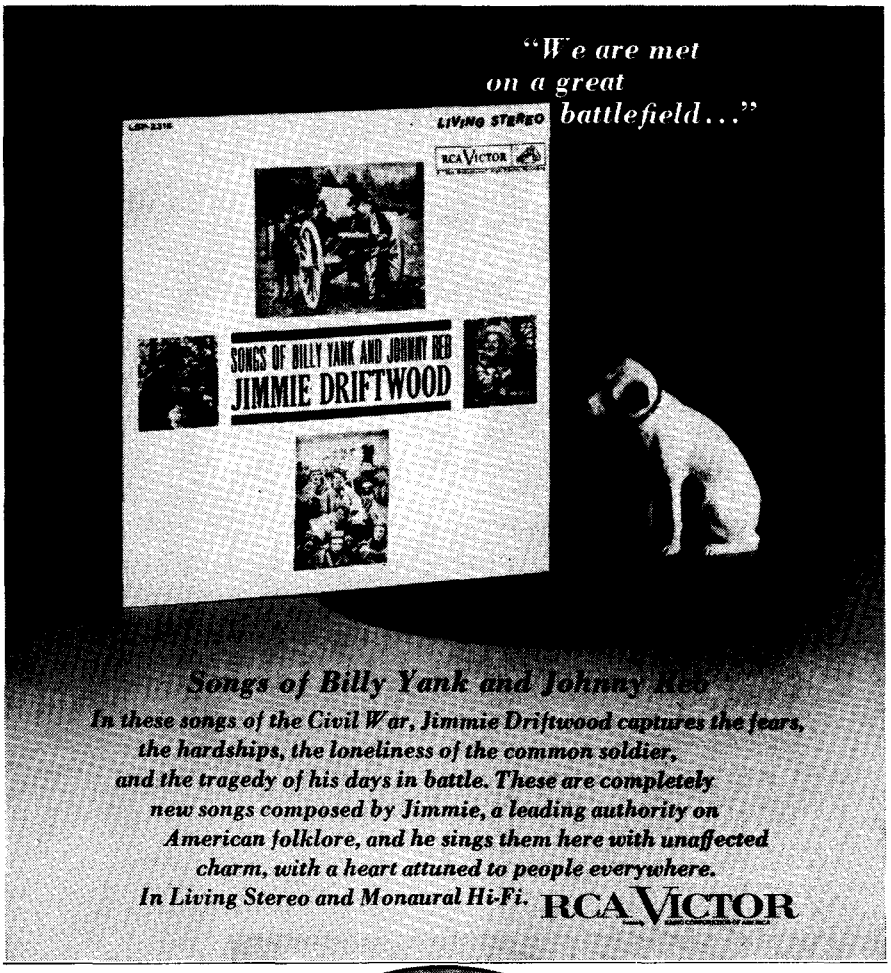
"We are met
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Nixon could not conceal the dismay he obviously felt about halfway through the first of those so-called "Great Debates" last fall when it became apparent that the techniques with which he had shadowboxed his way to one triumph after another since the "Checkers" speech weren't working so well in the ring with a real opponent who was tougher and more skillful than anyone had expected. Once in a great while, Mr. Kennedy himself has seemed nervous. There were, for example, a few strained moments during that press conference which was the first occasion on which he had appeared before the American people as their President without a prepared text to read from: he didn't smile; he may have looked down briefly as if to check some notes, but the tension only made him more self-controlled than ever.

President Kennedy, who already is said to have chosen several network reporters as his special cronies among the White House press corps, clearly intends to go on making the most effective use he can of television. Nothing demonstrates this more clearly than the decision to slow down a little on the live coverage of press conferences: he recognizes the dangers of overexposure and, it is to be hoped, he also recognizes the dangers to some of our republican institutions that could result from an overdose of electronic direct democracy.

The fact that Mr. Kennedy knows all about the political possibilities and limitations of television should actually have come as a surprise to no one. An article called "A Force That Has Changed the Political Scene" appeared in *TV Guide* on November 14, 1959, a few weeks before its author, the junior senator from Massachusetts, announced that he was a candidate for President. "Just 40 years ago," he wrote, "Woodrow Wilson exhausted his body and mind in an intensive cross-country tour to plead the cause of the League of Nations. Three weeks of hard travel and 40 speeches brought on a stroke before he had finished 'taking his case to the people' in the only way then available. Today, President Dwight Eisenhower, taking his case to the people on the labor situation, is able to reach several million in

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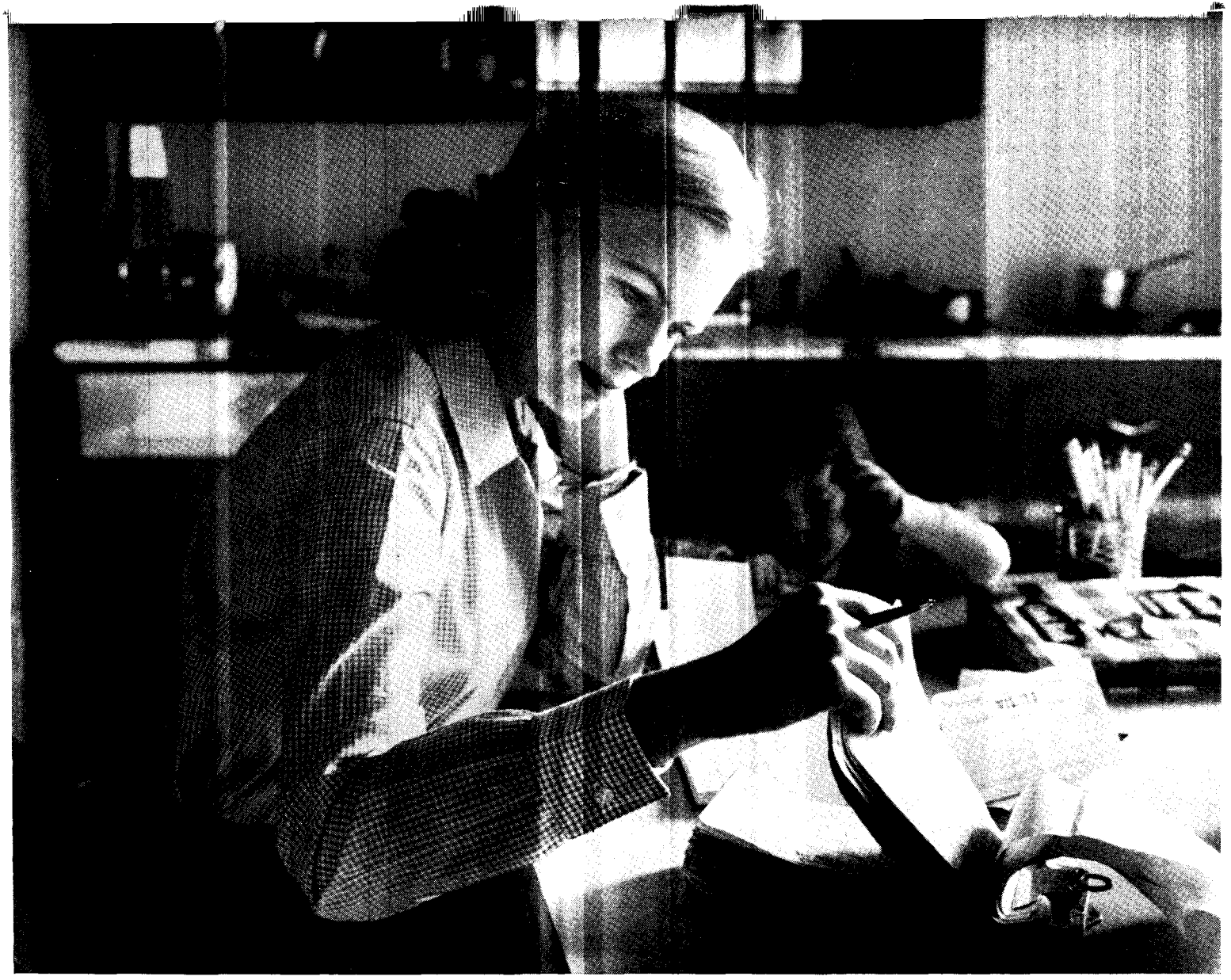

Who balances America's biggest budget?

IT isn't the Federal Government, nor is it Industry. It's the American woman who balances the biggest budget in our nation—the budget of America's families. Last year, American family income was up to about 353 billion dollars. Women controlled or influenced the saving and spending of 85% of this money—more than 300 billion dollars.

The American housewife has added the job of family comptroller to her already impressive list of modern homemaking responsibilities as a wife, mother and dedicated member of her community. Today, America's women manage 70% more money than they did 10 years ago. In addition to this increased financial responsibility, the average American woman devotes more than twice as much time and effort to prudent shopping as she did in 1940.

Like everything else she does, the American woman measures her own shopping success by the amount of good living she brings home to her family. No matter how much money there may be in the household budget, her insistence on quality at a reasonable price has made it clear that she intends to be thrifty.

An outstanding example of this attitude is the ever-increasing number of women who shop at stores that give S&H Green Stamps. Today, the women who budget for half the families in our nation receive S&H Green Stamps as a reward for thrifty shopping.

Perhaps your wife has brought home something "extra" —some little thing "outside of the budget"—by saving S&H Green Stamps. If so, this is just one more way that she brings better living to you through the intelligent budgeting of her household dollars.

An American Way of Thrift for 25,000,000 Families . . .

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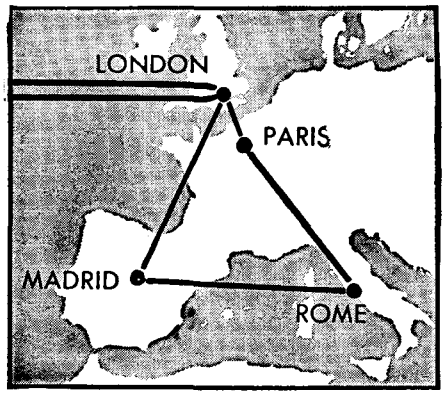

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A short flight to the Eternal city... Rome. The Via Veneto, the Villa Borghese, the Fountain of Trevi (your tossed coin will surely bring you back some day!), the Vatican City, St. Peters. Two days and off to Spain.

Madrid. The Prado Museum, the Royal Palace, the parks and Bull Ring. All enjoyed before a justly-famous two-hour Spanish dinner! Next day, El Escorial... that treasure house of the world's great art. How sad to bid "adiós", but your swift BOAC jet liner is waiting to take you back to New York.

How little it costs! As little as $850.00 per person, based on Economy air fare for two people traveling together. *And* you can pay as little as $85 down, have 20 months to pay the balance.

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one 15-minute period without ever leaving his office." Mr. Kennedy felt that "the determined sincerity of Woodrow Wilson" would have projected effectively on TV, but he warned that the new medium would inevitably have its own important effect on "what is called the candidate's 'image.'" For example, he pointed out, "the slick or bombastic orator, pounding the table and ringing the rafters, is not as welcome in the family living room as he was in the town square or party hall . . . This is why a new breed of candidates has sprung up on both the state and national levels . . . Most of these men are comparatively young. Their youth may still be a handicap in the eyes of the older politicians—but it is definitely an asset in creating a television image people like and (most difficult of all) remember."

By and large, Senator Kennedy felt that in politics TV's "net effect can definitely be for the better . . .," but he was a good deal more frank than most politicians about some of the serious risks TV presents. For one thing, the far from penniless young man pointed out, there is the matter of finances: "If all candidates and parties are to have equal access to this essential and decisive campaign medium, without becoming deeply obligated to the big financial contributors from the worlds of business, labor or other major lobbies, then the time has come when a solution must be found to this problem of TV costs."

Another problem he mentioned goes even deeper than money in a society where politicians are all too often judged only by their popularity and the communication of entertainment, information, or ideas judged only in terms of ratings. Mr. Kennedy laid it right on the line: ". . . political success on television is not, unfortunately, limited only to those who deserve it. It is a medium which lends itself to manipulation, exploitation and gimmicks. It can be abused by demagogs, by appeals to emotion and prejudice and ignorance. Political campaigns can be actually taken over by the 'public relations' experts, who tell the candidate not only how to use TV but what to say, what to stand for and what 'kind of person' to be. Political shows, like quiz shows, can be fixed —and sometimes are."

Given the fact that TV has already replaced the courthouse steps and the town bandstand as the stage of American politics, we must say that we are greatly reassured by the knowledge that the country's number one politician is aware of the fact that political TV shows can be fixed. He will never let it be done against him, and never, we are confident, for him.

These Things Were Said

¶ In introducing a lady and gentleman, the former's name is said first, but if, inadvertently, his name is first mentioned, the mistake is really trivial. . . . There is, however, one social error often connected with introductions. . . . The man or woman who says to a girl, "Here's a beau for you" or who mentions, "He has a good job" or tells a young man "Jane's family has money," is ill-mannered.—*"Introductions Require Tact," in the New York Daily News.*

¶ "I don't deny the possibility of the Virgin Birth as a miracle. If God wanted to do it this way, it's okay by me."—*The Right Reverend James A. Pike, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of California.*

¶ King Mahendra made his first public appearance today since he deposed Nepal's elected Government, imprisoned the Cabinet and assumed personal power five weeks ago. He attended festivities marking the beginning of spring.—*Complete news story in the New York Times.*

PENTUPAGON

Burning Bridges has blown a fuse—
"Undemocratic to muzzle the brass!"
Depends from where you prefer your news:
The horse's mouth—or some other place.

—SEC

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NEW

BRAHMS AND BERNSTEIN

Bernstein's first Brahms recording –the Symphony No. 1–is majestic and muscular, incisive and invigorating. Bernstein also bestows his characteristic grace and affection on Handel's joyous "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," a choral tribute (with verses by Dryden) to the patron saint of music.

HANDEL: ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY / MS 6206 / ML 5606*
BRAHMS: SYMPHONY NO. 1 IN C MINOR / MS 3602 / ML 6202*
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC, LEONARD BERNSTEIN, CONDUCTOR

WALTER'S SCHUBERT

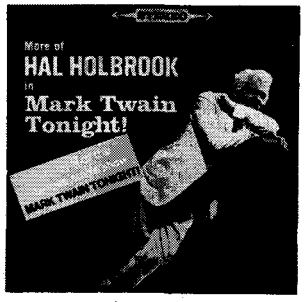
The great symphonies of Schubert –the Fifth, Eighth ("Unfinished") and Ninth–are newly added to the treasury of stereo recordings by Bruno Walter, poet of conductors.

SCHUBERT: THE GREAT SCHUBERT SYMPHONIES / BRUNO WALTER CONDUCTING THE COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA / M2S 618 / M2L 269*

"ON THE TOWN" REVISITED

A buoyant Broadway smash of the Forties is revived in a fresh-as-paint full-length recording that reunites stars of the original cast–comedienne Nancy Walker, lyricist-singers Adolph Green and Betty Comden. A special attraction: composer Leonard Bernstein conducts.

"ON THE TOWN" WITH NANCY WALKER, BETTY COMDEN, ADOLPH GREEN, JOHN REARDON / MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY LEONARD BERNSTEIN / OS 2028 / OL 5540*



MARK TWAIN TONIGHT– AND EVERY NIGHT

Long before Will Rogers and Mort Sahl, writer Mark Twain was America's leading one-man comedy show. Actor Hal Holbrook shows why and how in his amazing stage and recorded (with audience) recreations of Mark Twain Tonight!, Vol. II.

MORE OF HAL HOLBROOK in MARK TWAIN TONIGHT! / OS 2030 / OL 5610*

GARLAND AND GUITAR

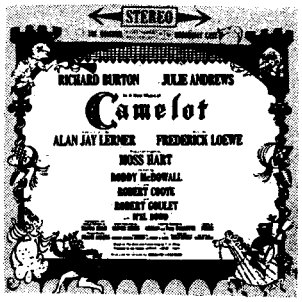
Guitarist Hank Garland joins the ranks of great jazz improvisers with a new collection including, among others, "All the Things You Are," "Always" and a high powered original titled "Riot-Chous."

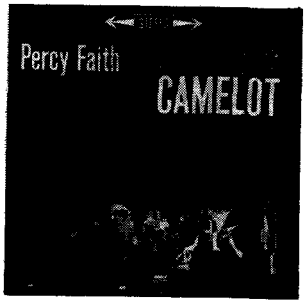
JAZZ WINDS FROM A NEW DIRECTION / HANK GARLAND / CS 8372 / CL 1572*

FAIR "CAMELOT"

Lerner and Loewe, the magicians who conjured up "My Fair Lady," cast an even lovelier spell with their latest musical triumph, "Camelot." It's a happy mixture of old English legend and enchanted new melodies, presented by Richard Burton, Julie Andrews and the entire Broadway Original Cast.

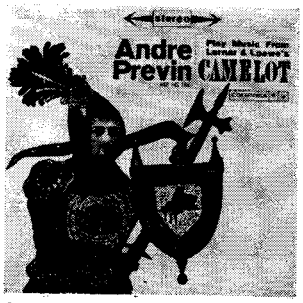
CAMELOT / ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING / KOS 2031/KOL 5620 *
Tape: TOB 100 (2-track) / OQ 344 (4-track)





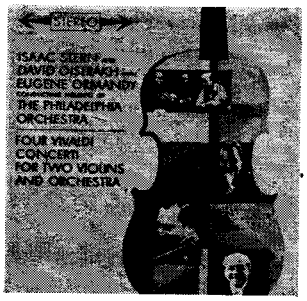
There are other splendid sounds of "Camelot" too. Percy Faith arranges and conducts a suave instrumental version of the score.

MUSIC FROM LERNER AND LOEWE'S CAMELOT / PERCY FAITH AND HIS ORCHESTRA / CS 8370 / CL 1570 * /



Pianist Andre Previn and his jazz trio joust merrily with the tunes.

ANDRE PREVIN/CS 8369/CL 1569*



VIVALDI AT THE SUMMIT

A musical Summit conference – master violinists Isaac Stern and David Oistrakh meet with conductor Eugene Ormandy in brilliant new performances of four Vivaldi Double Concertos.

VIVALDI: FOUR CONCERTOS FOR TWO VIOLINS, STRINGS AND CEMBALO – ISAAC STERN AND DAVID OISTRAKH, VIOLINISTS / EUGENE ORMANDY CONDUCTING MEMBERS OF THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA / MS 6204 / ML 5604*

BG=SWING

Benny Goodman, that living legend, swings again with a small but potent new combo. The Goodman clarinet flows wonderfully as ever through 10 well-loved classics, the proceedings recorded "live" before admiring nightclub audiences.

BENNY GOODMAN SWINGS AGAIN / BENNY GOODMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA / CS 8379 / CL 1579*

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The Cool Precision of J.F.K.

THE MORE our President makes himself heard and seen, the stronger becomes the conviction that, as we put it during the campaign, "we have a chance with Kennedy." There is disciplined vigor in this man, a firm grasp of what's concrete and real, and an unfuzzy capacity to define the varying order of urgency in the dire threats that now face our nation. These threats he listed in his message on the State of the Union with the cool precision of an unafraid and unemotional man.

That this blissfully unemotional President, at the very beginning of his term of office, should arouse such an emotional response among a large number of our fellow citizens—this is something that we find a little disconcerting. But to judge from all the available evidence, there seems to be no doubt: We are in for a new phase of hero worship. Probably our country has become incurably addicted to a father or, in this case, a son image. In recent times, we have had only seven years during which the man in the White House was not the object of raptured admiration. But that was mostly due to the man himself, whose earthy, humorous plainness belied any possible attempt at mythmaking.

No one can condemn President Kennedy for not being Harry Truman. Yet we believe that among those who have confidence in him there is room for men who appraise his actions and his words with the same unemotional confidence he exhibits in facing his tasks.

THE PRESIDENT was right when he said in his State of the Union message: "Life in 1961 will not be easy. Wishing it, predicting it, even asking for it, will not make it so. There will be further setbacks before the tide is turned. But turn it we must." He was equally right when he said: "We must never be lulled into believing that either power [Soviet Russia or Communist China] has yielded its ambitions for world domination—ambitions which they forcefully restated only a short time ago."

The President has certainly read the most recent and compelling of these restatements, made by Nikita Khrushchev on January 6. In a speech as lengthy as usual, he stated with admirable clarity the Communist plan for the conquest of the world. "The victory of socialism throughout the world," he said, "which is inevitable because of the laws of historic development, is now near. For this victory, wars among states are not necessary."

Coexistence is to pave the way to this victory, but the advocate of peaceful coexistence now distinguishes coexistence from peacefulness. "In modern conditions the following categories of wars should be distinguished: world wars, local wars, liberation wars, and popular uprisings." World wars Khrushchev declares useless; local or limited wars he wants to eliminate by threatening to expand them into total ones. The other two categories of war, however, are to be fostered. Wars of type number three are "not only admissible but inevitable," and are to receive the full support of the Communist nations. Wars of type number four are to be not only supported but stimulated, and the conditions are to be created for their inevitable explosion.

Khrushchev's confidence is made boundless by the memory of Russia's victory in the Second World War. "Then there were but two socialist countries, the Soviet Union and the Mongolian People's Republic, and yet we routed the aggressors, having also exploited the contradictions between imperialist states." As a result of these "contradictions," our country gave eleven billion dollars in support of Soviet Russia. Wasn't it "contradictory" for hundreds and hundreds of American seamen to die on the Murmansk run?

THIS is the enemy we are facing. The President did the right thing in increasing the number of planes that may airlift our troops to countries threatened by Communism. He did the right thing in ordering that the network of our bases overseas be severely scrutinized so that what is unnecessary be abandoned, and what is worth defending be fought for if imperiled. During the postwar administrations, a number of countries have been given American assistance and considered western bulwarks —countries that can be considered only honorary nations, like Laos. It would be foolish to take a stand for Laos. But Thailand is different.

Of course we must be ready to resume negotiations for a reduction of armaments and to make every effort so that a measure of success may be achieved. We must not forget, however, that the chance of serious negotiations was nearly destroyed when Khrushchev came to the U.N. and advanced his proposal for general and complete disarmament. Neither must we forget that he came a second time to wreck the U.N., and it is not yet known whether or to what extent he has succeeded.

The President has said it well: things are going to get worse before the tide is turned. It is good to know that we have a vigorous, unemotional man at the head of our nation—a man who knows that the showdown is ahead, and is not afraid of any kind of war Khrushchev may aim at us.

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Three Men and Three Revolutions

WILLARD A. HANNA

"I TELL YOU frankly," Indonesia's President Sukarno has said, "I am fascinated by revolution, I am completely absorbed by it, I am crazed, am obsessed by the romanticism . . . Revolution surges, flashes, thunders in almost every corner of the earth . . . Come . . . Brothers and sisters, keep fanning the flames of the leaping fire. . . . Let us become logs to feed the flames of revolution."

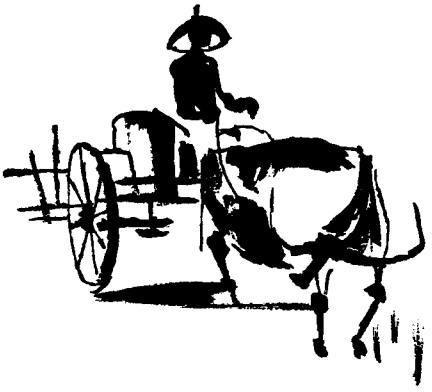
"We are revolutionaries, not reformers," Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew has said. "[Our] government's policies must reflect the sentiments of the revolutionary mass from whence it draws its strength. But at the same time, a revolutionary government which attempts in Singapore to upset the structure of the island's entrepôt economy will only bring deprivations upon the people and disaster upon itself."

"We are doing very nicely," Malaya's Prime Minister Tengku Abdul Rahman has said repeatedly, making very little mention of revolution or of crisis but pointing out quite clearly, nevertheless, the threat of "communal" (racial) or Communist uprising.

The Permanent Revolution

These three Southeast Asian leaders represent in conflicting composite the state of mind of the thinking and acting Southeast Asian today. For him, far more commonly than not, continuing revolution—even after independence has already been achieved—represents the contemporary norm, indeed almost the gauge of national vitality. Continuing revolution implies continuing reaction against the western colonial and capitalist nations from which independence had to be won. It implies attraction to the latest and the most swiftly successful, that is, the Communist revolutionary model. It also implies, however, a determination to be guided not by the machinations of any other nation or any bloc of nations but by self-interest, self-asserted.

Indonesia, Singapore, and Malaya represent the three styles of the area-wide Southeast Asian revolution today. In each instance, the top national leader sets the temper, not necessarily the temper which the "revolutionary masses" themselves display but the temper the governing clique endeavors to impose upon them. For Sukarno it is ecstasy, for Lee Kuan Yew it is sobriety, and for Tengku Abdul Rahman it is urbanity. For the Indonesian people as a whole, however, it is despair, for the Singaporeans it is ambition, for the Malayans it is expectancy. In each instance, also, the top figure determines to a great extent the achievements of the nationalist revolution



to date: for Malaya it has been progress, for Singapore suspense, and for Indonesia disaster.

Of all the Southeast Asian countries, Indonesia is by far the largest (735,000 square miles), the most populous (90,000,000 out of the area's 200,000,000), the richest in natural and human resources, and at the same time the most chronically disrupted and disruptive. "Political and economic anarchy . . . a reign of corruption and demoralization . . . [the result of] revolution continuing too long unchecked"—this was ex-Vice-President Hatta's analysis in 1956. "Excesses" and "deviations," "betrayal by counter-revolutionaries" leading the nation close to "the abyss of annihilation": this was Sukarno's own diagnosis in 1957. Dr. Hatta has now retired and Sukarno has devised and applied his therapy. It is "to see to it that the fire of revolution does not die or grow dim, not even for a single moment," that the "hotheads," "the real revolutionaries," work tirelessly with him "to pull down yesterday, to construct tomorrow."

Sukarno, once a man of dazzling personality and inspired politics, now wavers on the thin line between charisma and paranoia. He has dissolved the nation's elective bodies of state and appointed purely "advisory" councils, most recently a monster 609-member People's Consultative Congress. He has outlawed the major opposition parties—the Masjumi (Liberal Muslim) and the Socialist—and has suspended other political activities in favor of a new National Front "mass movement" for acquisition of West New Guinea from the Dutch. He has suppressed the opposition press and seized its properties. He has drastically altered the nation's economy by nationalizing some $2 billion worth of Dutch property and enterprise; by dismantling the Chinese-controlled rural shop system; and even by foreclosing on Indonesian "national capitalists," whose payments on huge and easy bank loans have long been in arrears.

The ordinary Indonesian today, urged to shout slogans about the new "guided democracy" and "guided economy," frequently has little time or inclination for slogan-shouting. He has to stand for hours in the hot sun to purchase a single kilogram of rice at a price equivalent to a

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day's wages, then to stand in another even longer line to purchase a liter of kerosene—if he can afford it, at double last year's price—with which to cook the rice. He derives little material satisfaction from what Sukarno describes all too accurately as the "richness of symbological fantasy" of a new eight-year plan for economic, social, and cultural development. This 5,100-page document, produced by one Mohammad Yamin, a leftist politician, jingoistic historian, and romantic poet, is divided into eight volumes, seventeen chapters, and 1,945 items to symbolize Indonesia's Independence Day—August 17, 1945. Its symbols have yet to be translated into projects or its astronomical budget into revenue.

Sukarno rules precariously today, mainly by denying effective power to anyone else and by keeping his three main allies—the military, the Communists, and the palace guard of politicians—pitted against each other. The Communists seem to have gained most by recent developments, but they also have their troubles. The top party leaders in Djakarta were peremptorily detained and interrogated by the military a few months ago in connection with a critique of the government that their party had published. In the provinces, an undisclosed number of Communists sit indignantly in jail, held for unspecified political offenses. Even the Russians and most especially the Chinese have their troubles. Khrushchev, on a state visit in 1960, failed to persuade Indonesia to accept an unlimited-aid offer and had to settle for a mere $250 million —in line with the American program. He ventured to criticize the utilization of Russian aid on the grandiose 1962 Asian Games project, also the state of Indonesian economic planning in general, and precipitated a sudden icing of personal relations with Sukarno. The Chinese have had to accept the expulsion of several hundreds of thousands of overseas Chinese from their homes and shops in the provincial areas, then Indonesia's outraged protest over Peking's radio campaign of vituperation, and most recently Sukarno's explanation that all this is a mere "skin scratch," easily healed by mutual understanding.

Last September, flying by chartered Pan American jet, Sukarno made a strategically late arrival at the United Nations General Assembly, apparently to avoid competition or encounter with his presumed friend Fidel Castro. He brought along with him an entourage of fifty-two congenial companions, glowing with all shades of the political spectrum—Army Chief of Staff Nasution, for instance, consorting with Communist Party chief Aidit. Sukarno endorsed in part Khrushchev's proposal for reorganization of the U.N. Secretariat, as well as his proposal for removal of the U.N. headquarters. He suggested Asia or Africa, and demanded new Asian (presumably Indonesian) membership in the Security Council. He reiterated his denials that the new Indonesian system is Communist-oriented, and reiterated also his predictions of the impending demise of western capitalism and colonialism. Then he went home, after a holiday in Paris and Rome, to announce Indonesia's increased prestige abroad and solidarity at home. On the same day, he made an enthusiastic inspection of the American hospital ship *Hope* and a gala Russian commercial fair. Whatever this may add up to, it constitutes an arresting spectacle. It provides the Indonesian people themselves not with peace, progress, or prosperity, or even with an opiate, but with a modern revolutionary equivalent—what might be called a marijuanate.

Malaya's Gamble

In sharp contrast to Indonesia is the nearby Federation of Malaya. That recently independent Commonwealth nation, with a Malay-Chinese-Indian population of seven million, of which Malays count just half, enjoys a booming rubber-tin capitalistic economy run by Westerners and Chinese, a better-than-subsistence agricultural fishing economy of Malays, and a functioning multiracial parliamentary monarchy. It has staged a peaceful nationalist revolution (1945-1957) and an orderly initiation into independence (1957 to date). Meanwhile, with massive and welcome British aid, it has put down a Communist terror movement (mid-1948 to mid-1960), of which only about five hundred jungle guerrilla adherents remain at large. Malaya, in brief, seems almost freakishly stable and prosperous.

In Malaya, nevertheless, the revolution is still under way and conflict could become explosive. It could be the conflict of Malay against Chinese, of the poor against the rich, of the Malay-Chinese-Indian Alliance Party government against extremist Malay Muslims organized to agitate for Marxist-based racism, or against Chinese organizing to resist real or threatened discrimination by Malays.

The key figure in Malaya is Prime Minister Tengku Abdul Rahman, fifty-eight, a spendthrift feudal prince turned into a parliamentarian. The Tengku today still prefers the race course to the cabinet room, a brandy to a cup of tea, the unrehearsed and often uninhibited public comment to the stiff prepared statement, which, indeed, he has been known to mislay just before the crucial moment. Instead of stirring up revolutionary mass movements, he is heading what amounts to a revolutionary experiment, which is fully as critical and dangerous but which is prompted by rationality rather than by despair. He is gambling that Malaya can swiftly bridge racial and economic chasms and thus free itself of the ruinous disputes that a multilevel economy and a multiracial society bring about.

The Malayan government program is divided into three major phases. First is a social program, with heavy emphasis upon education, to condition all Malays, Chinese, Indians, and others to adopt a common "Malayanized" outlook of loyalty to the new federation and of adjustment to each other. Second is a five-year third-of-a-billion-dollar program, which is largely self-financed, to develop new public services, new industries, and new lands. Third is an emergency program of improving living conditions and creating new opportunities for the poorest elements of the population, largely but not wholly Malay in origin.

The third program puts special emphasis upon providing new land to the impoverished. The plan is to open up jungle lands, of which there are plenty, and to give tens of thousands of heads of families ten acres each. On the ten acres, six will normally be planted in high-yield rub-

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ber trees. On six acres of high-yield rubber, a family can expect to gross $2,000-$3,000 annually after eight to ten years, a good seventy-five per cent of it net profit. The resettled Malayan farmer, then, should be able to achieve by far the highest standard of living in all Asia. The plan seems almost too perfect—in view, for instance, of the competition of synthetics, although they have not yet driven natural-rubber prices down. But the theory is sound, as pilot projects have already proved; the program could work, and if it does, it might provide a new and different revolutionary model for the area.

Tengku Abdul Rahman, in brief, stands for national development rather than national ferment. He stands for co-operation with the British, vigilance against the Communist menace at home, and avoidance of ties with Moscow or Peking. Tengku Abdul Rahman is so unorthodox a revolutionary that many in his own country openly question just how long he can maintain his popular appeal, just how long his Alliance Party can maintain its solidarity, and just what sort of event might precipitate the outburst of nationalist and racial passion so long and miraculously avoided.

A Tight Little Island

The island city-state of Singapore, now an independent member of the British Commonwealth, is linked to the Federation of Malaya by a causeway over which flows vital trade, and is Southeast Asia's most striking anomaly. It is a 225-square-mile enclave of relatively free trade and free enterprise, populated by 1.6 million of the area's most skilled and industrious people, seventy-five per cent of them overseas Chinese, not a few of them immensely wealthy. It is a capitalist state dominated by left-wing politicians. Its capitalism is flourishing, but its politics is slowly edging to the Right. All this may be just a brief illusion, for Singapore is also as incendiary a spot as Southeast Asian revolutionary sentiment can produce, as shown by two bloody series of riots in 1955 and 1956.

Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew, *thirty-eight, is Singapore's enigmatic* master. Rich, arrogant, and brilliant —a "double first" at Cambridge—he

is a self-styled total realist. Only a left-wing government can survive in Singapore, he says, and his is the only alternative to Communism. "But revolution aside," he adds, "the first business of a government is to govern. . . . The problem of the government is how best to utilize the existing social order to produce the maximum results, and the only intervention envisaged in the next four years is a redistribution of . . . the fruits of the economy."

Lee came into power in a landslide victory of the People's Action Party (P.A.P.) in Singapore's 1959 pre-autonomy elections, to the accompaniment of many predictions of political anarchy, economic collapse, and imminent defection to the Communist camp. He has given Singapore stable, apparently honest, efficient government, and a renewal of prosperity. In a city-state that lives by its entrepôt trade, he has rigorously applied the logic of economics and of administration to the emotions of revolution and has produced a unique hybrid.

Lee Kuan Yew has met Communist threats to his position partly by relaxing his own earlier doctrinaire stands, partly by resort to Communist-type practices. He has purged the P.A.P. extremist element, headed by Singapore's flamboyant ex-mayor Ong Eng Guan. Lee Kuan Yew has since then entered into open competition with the Communists for control of Singapore's vital and volatile labor unions. He has cracked down on secret societies, gangsters, and kidnappers. He has, in effect, retracted his earlier denunciations of the "decadent," "English-educated" intellectual elite. He has all but ceased his public fulminations against the British, their economic interests, their military bases. He has won over an important segment of the conservative Singapore Chinese, who now say, "Let us support him, but let us not embarrass him by making our support too obvious."

The P.A.P. government has faced up to Singapore's basic economic problems, which are those of a minute, overpopulated island, overspecialized in entrepôt trade and services. Singapore, like the Federation of Malaya, has undertaken a third-of-a-billion-dollar five-year development plan. It is offering inducements, as is Malaya, to new domestic and foreign capital investment in industry; it is reclaiming and developing much of the island's waste land (twenty-five per cent of the total area); it is improving port, airport, highway, and public-service facilities, already by far the best in Southeast Asia. In the effort to achieve "redistribution of the fruits of the economy," it is also understaking tremendous new social-service programs of schools, clinics, and housing.

The P.A.P. government is also facing up to its racial-political problem. It has inaugurated a new state-wide program to teach the Chinese the Malay language, and to persuade them that their only real hope for future security lies in becoming "Malayanized" and joining the Fed-

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eration—whose leaders, nevertheless, eye Singapore's Chinese with suspicion. It has invited a Malay to be titular chief of state, replacing the former British governor in Government House and at all state occasions. It has started training youth-cadre leaders, who are now in turn starting to organize the state's unemployed youth into a full-time labor corps in which all races will mix and presumably co-operate in some of the hard manual labor of building the new state.

Lee Kuan Yew's position today, successful as his government has been so far, is far from secure, and the extremist elements, including the Communists, are regrouping, as he himself admits, for another try. His revolutionary experiment has gotten well under way. But should the bulk of Singapore's Chinese prove adamantly Chinese, whether of capitalistic or Communist persuasion; or should Malaya prove adamantly suspicious of Singapore's racial and political complex, however refurbished; or should such new instruments of state as the labor corps prove less tractable as they grow more powerful; or should any one of a dozen other unhappy contingencies develop, then Singapore would be in real trouble. Communist China, with which the Lee government's inner clique maintains no apparent contacts of significance, has underground agents ready and eager to go into action.

LEE, RAHMAN, SUKARNO, and their several brands of revolution interact significantly upon each other in the area. The example of swift advance in Singapore and Malaya now raises the question in Indonesia: "Why haven't we set the pace?" The excesses and failures of the Sukarno régime warn both Singapore and Malaya to avoid ultranationalism and extremism. "Lee and Rahman may not agree on integrating Malaya and Singapore," one high official in a nearby Southeast Asia country observed, "but they do agree on combating the forces of disintegration." The Lee and Rahman variety of statesmanship attracts attention less frequently than Sukarno's, but it is beginning to be more and more admired as something that other Asian countries may some day emulate.

Laos: Wrong Place for a War

PHILIP WRIGHT

FEW SHOTS were fired in the Laotian capital of Vientiane on Tuesday, August 9, 1960, when an obscure Army captain named Kong Lae overthrew the U.S.-backed right-wing government of Prime Minister Tiao Somsanith. But the twenty-six-year-old officer's nearly bloodless coup eventually resulted in the fiercest fighting yet in Laos' seven-year-old civil war, left large parts of Vientiane in ruins, and inflicted considerable casualties on both sides. It also gave rise to the first open Russian military intervention in the wars of Indo-China, exposed western disunity in Southeast Asia, and threatened to make Laos into a second Korea.

What had made this politically unsophisticated soldier act as he did and when he did? The most urgent and immediate reason had been the fact that for two months, the money to pay Kong Lae's troops had disappeared somewhere on the way between the American embassy and their barracks. Another reason was that the captain's paratroop battalion, the best fighting unit in the Royal Laotian Army, was tired of being in the forefront of the chronic and seemingly futile jungle warfare against the Pathet Lao guerrillas.

The captain had complained and threatened, but nobody had taken him seriously. Two nights before the coup, he dined with Defense Minister General Phoumi Nosavan in a final attempt to plead for his soldiers, but the general ordered him to take them north for yet another mop-up operation and offered a beggarly twenty thousand kips (250 U.S. dollars) as an advance on their pay.

The following day the whole government flew to the royal seat of Luang Prabang, 125 miles north of Vientiane, to confer with King Savang Vatthana about the royal cremation of his father, who had died in October, 1959, after a reign of fifty-four years. Kong Lae decided that the time for action had arrived.

From the American instructors attached to his battalion he had learned, among other tactical exercises, how to take a city occupied by an enemy; and he used the lesson to capture Vientiane swiftly, silently, and with hardly a shot. Then, while the government ministers were still marooned at Luang Prabang, he persuaded the National Assembly at gunpoint to turn them out of office and to accept as its new premier Prince Souvanna Phouma, who had occupied that office twice before and was generally held to be the only man capable of bringing the country's warring factions together.

The prince, who is a cousin of

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the king, is a man of great charm and wit, and of wide experience. He needed all these qualities during his two previous premierships, between 1954 and 1958, when he tried unsuccessfully to restore to Laos the sleepy tranquillity that had been destroyed by the Indo-Chinese War.

The vision of a peaceful, neutralist Laos is one to which Prince Souvanna Phouma has steadfastly clung through the years. As he has emphatically told western diplomats over and over again, he is convinced that because of his country's geographical position, the only policy that can assure its continued existence is that of national conciliation and of strict diplomatic neutrality. And if someone asks him what he means by neutrality, as the governor of one province did when cabling him his allegiance after Kong Lae's coup, he answers that he is not talking about neutralism between two philosophies of life but between two military blocs. Recently, talking to a western friend, he repeated what he claims to have told Secretary Dulles in 1955: "If the West declares war on the Communists, Laos will join you. But as long as you do not do so, how can you expect us to fight them alone?"

A FURTHER ARGUMENT Souvanna Phouma advanced to support his case is that his half-brother, Prince Souphanouvong, the leader of the pro-Communist Pathet Lao, is not a Communist. This belief is widely shared in Laos even among leaders of the Right. They add, however, that Prince Souphanouvong's personal beliefs are irrelevant as long as the rest of the Pathet Lao leadership is Communist and as long as the rebellion depends on Communist assistance. Souvanna Phouma, on the other hand, contends that if his half-brother had been given responsibility in the government, it would have been possible to detach him and the other non-Communists within the Pathet Lao ranks from the hard-core Communist leaders, and to isolate the latter.

Once again Souvanna Phouma has failed in what he considers his life's work. His best efforts were not sufficient to overcome the bitterness engendered by the long guerrilla warfare, which made conciliation more difficult to achieve than ever before; or the king's lack of sympathy with his policies; or the failure of the United States to use its influence to facilitate the closing of the ranks of all the non-Communists behind him. With the establishment of a "Counter Coup d'Etat Committee" in the southern part of Savannakhet Province, the government found itself opposed by a militant right-wing rebel faction led by General Phoumi Nosavan, the nephew of Thailand's Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat, which was obviously supported by the United States. Thereafter Souvanna Phouma found it increasingly difficult to control the Vientiane soldiery, especially since no American aid was paid into his treasury after September. Rendered powerless and fearing to become a tool of the Communists, the prince fled to Cambodia and the stage was set for a clash between the foreign-backed extremists of the Right and those of the Left.

Essentially the same battle has been going on, with greater or lesser intensity, ever since the Geneva Agreements ended the Indo-Chinese War in July, 1954. These agreements, reached under the impact of the French debacle at Dienbienphu and dictated by the fear that continued fighting in the peninsula would explode into global war, left Laos as an uneasy buffer state between Communist China and North Vietnam on one side and pro-western Thailand and South Vietnam on the other. They also left two border provinces in northern Laos, Samneua and Phongsaly, in the hands of the Pathet Lao rebels and then, with misplaced confidence, left the settlement of the Pathet Lao question up to the Laotians themselves.

Roots of Conflict

The origins of the Pathet Lao rebellion must be traced back to at least the end of the Second World War, when French troops returned to Indo-China after the defeat of Japan, which had encouraged anti-western nationalism during the war. A resistance administration was set up in the north, where it could count on the sympathy of neighboring Kuomintang China, but its leaders had to flee to Thailand in 1946. Most of them returned to Vientiane in 1949, dissolving their government in exile when the French recognized Laotian independence within the French Union. But the Pathet Lao was founded with Communist support in Hanoi by Laotian leaders who wanted to cut all ties with France; aside from complete national independence, they were also fighting to rid Laos of misgovernment and corruption. The movement has certainly been used by Communists, since conditions in Laos seem almost ideally suited for successful Communist penetration. But the basic problems of Laos have less to do with Communism than with geography and history.

Landlocked on all sides and much of it covered by jungle, Laos has a population of about two million. Less than half of these people are actually of the Lao ethnic stock; the rest belong to various primitive mountain tribes, many of them migrants from southern China during the last hundred years. They have no allegiance to the government of Laos, many of them do not even know that it exists. Ninety per cent of the population are peasants who live in a subsistence economy that has not essentially changed for centuries. They have little contact with the outside world, and even inside the country the movement of people and goods is made nearly impossible because the French-built network of roads—never very good at the best

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of times—was swallowed up by the jungle during the Second World War. Most of the towns of Laos can be reached only by air or, in some cases during the wet season, by water; and a large number of the eleven thousand villages have never seen the face of a Laotian government official.

The three principalities of Luang Prabang, Vientiane, and Champassak, which make up the present Kingdom of Laos, were the most backward areas of Indo-China, and sixty years of French rule did very little to change this. To the French, Laos was not a country to be exploited in classical colonial fashion—there was nothing to exploit—but a well-nigh impermeable barrier against possible encroachments on Tonkin by the Siamese or the British in Burma. By and large, they left things alone.

In one respect, however, they did make a change in Laos, and that was in the creation of a highly educated, sophisticated élite—no more, it is true, than a couple of thousand strong—that was as much, if not more, at home in France than in Laos. It is hard to imagine a greater contrast than that between the illiterate Laotian villager, living out his simple life within the narrow horizons of his thatched hut and the nearby Buddhist temple, and his French-educated countrymen, with a cultivated appreciation of European art and literature.

With a ruling class so divorced from the realities of the country, with a heterogeneous, largely primitive population and a subsistence economy that could not even be called underdeveloped, with rudimentary internal communications and uncertain links to the outside world, the Kingdom of Laos has struck many visitors as nothing more than a geographical expression.

Two Policies, Two Failures

The Pathet Lao rebellion has further aggravated these basic difficulties by adding a major political and military complication. Since 1953, when the Vietminh and the Pathet Lao together invaded the provinces of Samneua and Phongsaly as part of the Vietminh campaign of harassing the French throughout Indo-China, the problem of putting an end to the rebellion has been the major concern of all Laotian governments, and has permeated all phases of the country's public and much of its private life.

There have been two schools of thought on how to deal with this rebellion. One, whose leader is Prince Souvanna Phouma, believes that it can be done by integrating the Pathet Lao peacefully into the political life of the country; the other, whose principal spokesman is now General Phoumi Nosavan, holds that only suppression of the Pathet Lao by force of arms can remove the Communist threat to Laos. Both policies have been tried and both have failed.

The first method has an imposing claim to legitimacy, since the Geneva Agreements stipulated that the royal government should "integrate all citizens, without discrimination, into the national community." Prince Souvanna Phouma's principal attempt to do that lasted from January, 1955, to the end of 1957. It was due only to his infinite patience—or in the view of his enemies, his infinite capacity for appeasement—that an agreement was finally reached. Under its terms the Pathet Lao-held border provinces of Samneua and Phongsaly were returned to the administrative control of the royal government, the Pathet Lao fighting units swore allegiance to the king, and they were later to be integrated into the royal army. In return the Pathet Lao was recognized as a legal political organization, called the Neo Lao Hak Xai, and obtained two ministries in a cabinet of national union pledged to neutrality in foreign affairs.

These agreements were regarded with misgivings by the extreme Right, which had never reconciled itself to the idea of Pathet Lao participation in the country's political life. These apprehensions had been heightened by the obvious deference the Pathet Lao leaders paid to their foreign Communist patrons during the negotiations. Into discussions of the purely domestic problem of Pathet Lao integration were injected irrelevant demands for the establishment of diplomatic relations with all the Communist countries and the acceptance of $70 million worth of economic and technical aid from Communist China. The latter demand led to the resignation of Souvanna Phouma, who regarded it as a Communist maneuver intended to create dependence on Communist China and open up Laos to the penetration of Communist "technicians."

The fears of the Right turned to alarm when the elections of May, 1958, revealed the effectiveness of Pathet Lao propaganda against corruption and government inefficiency. Closing ranks, leaders of the extreme

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Right such as General Phoumi Nosavan formed a "Comité de Défense des Intérêts Nationaux" (C.D.I.N.), which not only demanded that the Pathet Lao leaders be ousted from the government but also called for the replacement of all old-guard politicians, who, it claimed, had failed to deal satisfactorily with the Pathet Lao rebellion and with the country's social and economic development.

But Laos is Laos, and the C.D.I.N. leaders soon found that they needed something more than good intentions to succeed where the previous governments had failed. Although some of the promised social and economic reforms were carried out, Vientiane continued to be tainted with the same aura of corruption that had clung to it under all previous governments. It is true that in the East governmental corruption is not generally regarded with the same feeling of revulsion it provokes in western minds; after all, until not so long ago civil servants received no salaries and were expected to provide for themselves from the fruits of office. But the winds of change began to stir feebly even in remote Laos, as the rich kept right on getting richer, some by lining their pockets with American aid, others by exploiting the differences between the official and the black-market rate of the kip. Luxurious private houses sprang up in Vientiane and flashy new sports cars sped along the twenty-five miles of paved road in the capital.

All this was not lost on the Pathet Lao, which took every opportunity to bring primitive villagers for a look at Vientiane and at the way the government was caring for them. Nor was it lost on the educated youths, an increasing number of whom were studying abroad with the help of scholarships and exchange programs. The shocking rediscovery of the state of affairs in their own country is said to have driven many of them to join the Pathet Lao.

In the military field, the rightist government was coming to understand at least some of the problems that had hampered previous governments in attempting to put down the Pathet Lao rebellion. The Pathet Lao's operational base is located in the hilly provinces of Samneua and Phongsaly, adjacent to Communist North Vietnam and to the Chinese province of Yunnan. While government troops and supplies can reach this area only by air, the Pathet Lao can easily obtain all the arms and men it needs by smuggling them over the borders, six hundred miles of indefensible jungle terrain. It would have taken nothing less than full-scale war right on the Chinese border to defeat the guerrillas, and no one, neither the royal government nor its western backers, was prepared to take that risk. On the other hand, as long as the Pathet Lao controls these two provinces, it can expand southward and infiltrate the countryside at will, and that is precisely what it has been doing these last two years.

Right, Left, or Neutral?

Under circumstances that make a decisive government victory over the Pathet Lao all but impossible, Great Britain and France have long questioned the soundness of the United States policy of trying to make Laos a western bulwark like Thailand. They contend that the hundreds of millions of dollars this has cost have been largely wasted because no Laotian army, however well equipped, would be able to suppress the Pathet Lao rebels or to withstand a determined Communist onslaught from the north. They have also argued that the political effectiveness of the United States-backed governments has been impaired by their concentration on military action, and that this combination of political weakness and military incapacity is bound to keep the country in a state of chaos.

These arguments seemed to be borne out in August, 1959, one year after the right-wing leaders had come to power, when the government appealed to the United Nations for help against rebel bands that had defeated a number of loyal garrisons in the north and seemed intent on pushing toward the capital. The renewed outbreak of rebel activities—there had been relative quiet since the end of 1957—was preceded by the escape into the jungle of a Pathet Lao battalion of some eight hundred men, which refused to be integrated into the royal army. This was a flagrant violation of the agreement signed by their leader, and soon afterward Souphanouvong and seven leading members of the Neo Lao Hak Xai were arrested on charges of treason. The Vietminh now re-entered the scene in force, increasing its arms supplies and sending cadres to help the pro-Communist rebels. But in September, when a United Nations fact-finding subcommittee arrived in Laos, it found that the fighting had subsided as suddenly as it had started.

The Communists called off the operation, apparently convinced that they had achieved their goal of preventing the Laotion leaders from moving further into the sphere of American influence. From the many statements that came from Hanoi, Peking, and Moscow at the time, it would seem that they were afraid Laos would apply for membership in the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization and become the spearhead of an attack against them.

The crisis was apparently over, and everybody heaved a sigh of relief. U.N. Secretary-General Hammarskjöld, however, decided to have a look for himself, and what he saw in the fall of 1959, disturbed him sufficiently to advise the Laotian government to reduce the amount of arms received from foreign countries and to move toward a policy of greater neutrality. He also established a "U.N. presence" in Laos—a post held until recently by a distinguished Swiss lawyer, Edouard Zellweger.

The older ministers were in favor of heeding Mr. Hammarskjöld's advice, but the C.D.I.N. leaders, sure that they could rely on the backing of the American embassy, were violently opposed. The C.D.I.N. carried the day, and after a cabinet reshuffle in December, 1959, the build-up of the Laotian army with American arms and money went on apace. What had been isolated skirmishes took on some of the characteristics of a civil war, and it was only a matter of time until someone like Captain Kong Lae would try to challenge a policy that promised nothing but sorrow to the Laotian villager.

ALTHOUGH Kong Lae's attempt to resolve the problems of Laos has failed, his move is an example of the sort of reaction that continued war-

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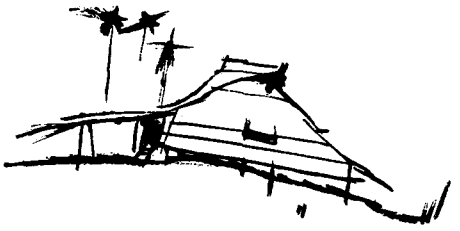
fare will sooner or later inspire again. The Communists, and the Pathet Lao with them, have long been fulminating against U.S. military aid to Laos as being contrary to the Geneva Agreements. Laos has received military aid from the United States since September, 1954, under a three-cornered arrangement with France which supplements the provision of the Geneva Agreements that put France in charge of training the Laotian army and authorized France to keep up to five thousand troops in Laos. Under this arrangement, the United States has assumed responsiblity for supplying arms for the training programs and for paying the salaries of the police and the army, now some thirty thousand strong. In the last few years, France has gradually reduced its military establishment to about four hundred men, and the United States has sent a group of a hundred American instructors about a third of whom operate out of uniform under the name of Program Evaluation Office.

In the six years since the Geneva Agreements, the United States has spent more than $250 million in Laos; eighty to ninety per cent of this sum has gone for military aid and budgetary support—the latter mostly for the payment of civil servants' salaries—and the rest for economic development. Except for the fact that the Kingdom of Laos still continues to exist, however precariously, there is not much to show for all that money.

In spite of its charge that United States military aid to Laos violates the Geneva Agreements, Russia itself has become openly involved in Indo-China by airlifting supplies to Kong Lae and the Pathet Lao. The most widely accepted explanation of the Soviet action among western observers is that the Communists were concerned that intervention by faraway Russia would be less obnoxious to Laos' neighbors and to the United States than Chinese action would have been and that they simply gambled that the Eisenhower administration was unlikely to start a war in its last month in office. The intervention also gave the Russians an opportunity to open another front over which to bargain with the incoming Kennedy administration.

Whatever the reasons, the Russian action has introduced a new element into the situation, and one with which the West—lacking a unified policy on Southeast Asia—is ill prepared to deal. The existence of SEATO has largely covered up this fact until now by giving the misleading impression of a common purpose and strategy among its members. Only Thailand has demanded tough action to face the Communist challenge "before it is too late," as the Thais put it. The United States has



given intermittent and rather vague support to the Thai position, but Great Britain, France, Australia, and New Zealand are opposed to such a course, and the Philippines and Pakistan are known to be unenthusiastic despite proclamations to the contrary. The greatest fear of SEATO officials is therefore that the organization may be called upon to take action and that it might then be exposed as the paper tiger the Communists claim it is.

The Forgotten People

The other available international machinery is the International Control Commission, established by the 1954 Geneva Conference, which ceased functioning in Laos in July, 1958, on the request of the then Premier Souvanna Phouma. Moscow, Peking, and New Delhi have been clamoring for the return of the commission to Laos, a proposal for which the Laotian government has shown little enthusiasm. Notwithstanding the obvious shortcomings of the International Control Commission, Great Britain has pressed for its acceptance as the best means to stop the fighting in Laos and ease international tension. But if this is to mean something more than a mere lull between hostilities, it will require a new, hard look at Southeast Asia's political and military realities.

Laos itself may not be worth risking a war over, but neighboring Thailand, whose situation would be gravely affected if Laos were to fall to the Communists, cannot be written off without irreparable damage to the western position in Asia. The Thais have no doubt that their prosperous and—by Southeast Asian standards—well-developed nation is the real target of the Communists in Indo-China.

Whatever the outcome of the present crisis, Soviet intervention is making it increasingly difficult to revert to the situation that existed before Kong Lae's coup. In the opinion of many SEATO members, this intervention seems to aim at establishing conditions that will bring the division of Laos into two parts, as was done in Vietnam.

The policy of suppressing the Pathet Lao by force has not worked, nor has the attempt to conciliate; and in the meantime the authority of the royal government and the standing of the West in Laos have been steadily weakened. An endless jungle fight would hurt the government and the West more than it would harm the Pathet Lao. On the other hand, if a way can be found to help the non-Communist part of Laos to establish more satisfactory domestic conditions, much of the sting could be taken out of Pathet Lao propaganda, and the non-Communist position would be strengthened. It might then be possible to bring together all the non-Communist factions into a broadly based government, from tolerant Prince Souvanna Phouma to tough General Phoumi Nosavan, and make a real beginning at fighting the corruption and backwardness that have always been at the root of all the country's troubles.

Ultimately, it will not be up to the Laotians to decide whether their country is to become united or to go on being divided. The decisive forces are pressing in from outside. It is up to the West to start the reclamation of Laos in those sections where its influence can be brought to bear effectively and where a genuinely neutral government could be set up—a government that would be, as President Kennedy said at his first news conference, "not dominated by either side, but concerned with the life of the people within the country."

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Belgium Against Itself

CLAIRE STERLING

BRUSSELS

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN DAYS, starting December 20, nearly everything that keeps a modern nation going—trains, busses, trams, gas and light works, garbage collection and mail deliveries, schools, shops, ports, steel mills, coal mines, even football teams—stopped still in the longest, bitterest general strike Europe has seen since the war.

By the most sparing estimates, the strike has cost Belgium nearly a quarter of a billion dollars, close to half the amount the government had proposed to save with the austerity bill that provoked the strike in the first place. It has made a very bad situation worse not only in this sense but in another: where it had started as a more or less simple economic protest, it ended with an insurrectionary flourish that threatened the country's primary institutions: parliament, constitution, and monarchy.

Here was a strange case of a nation revolting against itself. It was as if all Belgium had suffered a nervous breakdown. In those parts of the country that were already suffering from economic distress the shock was more convulsive. But all over the country the discontent, the vague foreboding, the sense of malaise that so many Belgians had long felt personally was abruptly revealed as a national phenomenon: *all* the Belgians were plainly unhappy. The country suddenly saw its own image clearly—no longer the efficient, peaceful, flourishing little state whose industries ranked with the best in Europe, but a state slipping somehow out of the main stream of things, whose ethnic divisions are deep and getting deeper, and whose economy is sick and getting sicker.

The conservative government of Premier Gaston Eyskens asserted that its omnibus austerity bill, the Loi Unique, was made necessary by the loss of the Congo. Actually, the Congo had very little to do with it. The loss of this colony may have been morally disheartening, and even costly. But however lucrative, it had never accounted for more than three or four per cent of Belgium's gross national product; the loss of Congo revenues up to now represents only about a tenth of the deficit the Loi Unique is supposed to cover.

The fact is, Belgium was in trouble long before it freed the Congo. Individually, the Belgians are still among the best-off people in Europe. Nevertheless, many Belgians have correctly suspected of late that their fortunes are on the way down while others' are on the way up.

For some time now, Belgium has been living beyond its means. It isn't broke, or anywhere near it. But it is the only state in Western Europe that cannot pay its normal expenses out of its income; its budget deficit, growing steadily for years, shot up by $450 million last year to a formidable $640 million. This might not be serious if the economy were expanding. But at a time when Europe is enjoying the kind of boom that happens once in a century, Belgian industry has lapsed into near-stagnation. Having gotten off to a flying head start after the war, when their own factories were relatively undamaged, Belgian industrialists have tended to take their profits elsewhere: more Belgian capital has been invested abroad since the war than at home. As a result, the industrial structure here—coal, iron, steel, textiles—has changed very little since the 1930's. Meanwhile, the rest of Europe, having made strenuous efforts to rebuild and modernize, has developed dynamic new industries like electronics, chemicals, and plastics, all adding up to spectacular expansion: Italy's manufacturing index, for example, rose by eighteen per cent in 1960, and is still rising; Belgium's manufacturing index has risen only four per cent since 1956, and is now falling.

The Government Plan

It was to reverse these dangerous trends that the government introduced the Loi Unique, a 226-page bill whose contents are still a mystery to the general public, whose economic effectiveness is dubious, and whose political consequences have proved disastrous.

The aim was to stimulate private investment, reduce public investment, and raise new revenues for the state—three worthy objectives that are not often achieved simultaneously. Private capital was to be encouraged by tax rebates and low-interest loans to create diversified new industries and twenty thousand jobs a year. The state itself, on the other hand, planned to save $200 million in 1961 by cutting down on public works (ports, highways, railroads), education, social welfare, and national defense. At the same time, it planned to raise another $280 million in new revenues, two-thirds of this from additional state and local taxes, the rest from normal growth and a tightened tax-collection system. Half the country's professionals and artisans and ninety per cent of its stockholders are believed to be tax evaders, depriving the state of several hundred million dollars a year.

While these reforms would not balance the budget, they would presumably reduce the deficit to man-

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ageable proportions—at the price, however, of outraging every taxpayer in the country. There is no one in Belgium who does not feel personally aggrieved by the law's tax provisions. These do not include, as some say, a tax on pigeon fanciers. But they do include a five per cent increase in company and dividend taxes; a *précompte* or withholding system to make stockholders pay the dividend tax; a slight increase in social-security contributions and a reduction in benefits for civil-service workers (some of whom could formerly retire on pension at fifty); an increase in death duties, train and streetcar fares, and housing taxes; a two to three per cent tax increase on salt, coffee, imported fruit, luxury foods, jewelry, cosmetics, TV sets, radios, cameras, film, games, toys, and automobiles (which were to be subjected to an added ten per cent municipal tax as well). On top of this, the transaction or turnover tax will go up from five to six per cent, adding to the cost of practically everything else bought or sold.

Not all these proposals were unreasonable. Obviously, some kind of fiscal reform was needed in a country whose public deficit is proportionately among the highest in Western Europe, and whose over-all tax rate is the lowest. Unfortunately, the Loi Unique did not try so much to reform as to patch a fiscal system already unfairly loaded with indirect taxes; and eighty-six per cent of the new taxes were indirect, falling most heavily on the small consumer.

Had there been a more equitable division of the burden, in a more rational whole, the plan might not have caused so violent a reaction. The cash sacrifice demanded of the working class was not, after all, intolerable: the Socialists themselves calculate the cost for the average worker as less than $100 a year. But these workers are already paying a bigger share of their wages in taxes than any others on the Continent; and this fresh grievance, coming on top of so many others, was enough to set off the explosion.

The complaints against Gaston Eyskens's Social Christian government were many: its mishandling of the Congo situation, entailing so great a loss of money, national dignity, and prestige; its fiscal fumbling; its failure to cope with industry's loss of momentum; its refusal to resign, time after time in its two-year existence, when the public all too plainly thought it should. The public, in this sense, does not simply mean the workers or even the opposition Socialist Party, representing forty per cent of the electorate. The conservative Liberals, though in Eyskens's coalition, were just as prone to criticize; so, indeed, were many or most of the Social Christians themselves.

Nevertheless, not even the Socialist Party or its national labor federation, the FGTB, had been disposed to challenge the government by force on the Loi Unique. Along with the Catholic trade unions (CSC), the FGTB had voted to fight the bill in parliament, ruling out a general strike. It remained for Wallonia to light the match.

The 'Black Country'

The four Walloon provinces making up the south of Belgium, heavily industrialized, Socialist, anti-clerical, cool to the monarchy, have been historically more militant than the Catholic, royalist, predominantly peasant Flanders to the north. In this case, however, there was a particular urge to militancy: Flanders is entering on a period of industrialization and well-being; Wallonia, whose mighty industries were once the heart, soul, wealth, and pride of the country, is dying.

In the Borinage, in Charleroi, in Liège, the once limitless coal fields are giving out—an act of God comparable, for the Walloons, to earthquake or flood. Throughout the Black Country, thousands of miners are still trying to wrest a living out of pits whose seams are by now inhumanly deep, narrow, tortuous. It is a futile effort. In the past three years, thirty-eight pitheads have closed down, and twenty-seven thousand miners have been laid off; and more will go.

Since 1958, the European Coal and Steel Community (of which Belgium is a charter member) has required Wallonia to cut coal production by five million tons, and has recently decreed further cuts of nine and a half million tons by 1963—a total reduction of well over two-thirds of Wallonia's coal output. There has been no alternative. With the aid of the Community, which has already donated $60 million to help resolve Belgium's coal crisis, modernization of the southern mines has been pushed as far as possible. It hasn't been far enough. Belgian coal still costs an average 820 francs ($16.40) a ton, and it would be higher but for the more competitive fields in Flanders. Ruhr coal costs 750 francs and U.S. coal 675 francs at Antwerp, and petroleum equivalents cost 650 francs. Consequently, Belgium has not only been obliged to subsidize Wallonia's mines at a yearly cost of $30 million but has also imposed import quotas and other restrictions flatly contradicting the letter and spirit of the Coal and Steel Community's treaty.

In statistical terms, the shutdowns do not seem so far to have caused undue hardship among the miners: since more than half of those laid off were foreigners who have simply quit the country, the unemployment rolls still haven't reached calamity proportions. Yet one has only to drive through this Black Country to feel, almost physically, the hand of doom. For miles along the grimy banks of the Meuse, the landscape is dotted with the skeletons of abandoned factories; and those still working—the giant steel mills, the metal and electrical plants—are coated with the grime of decades. Few factories in Wallonia have been rebuilt or thoroughly modernized since the war, and fewer new ones have been constructed. Over the past decade, the region has lost seventy thousand jobs, while Flanders and Brussels have gained a hundred thousand; and the four or five banks controlling Wallonia's industries from the capital have preferred to put their money in Flanders, where labor is cheaper and more docile, and coal is still plentiful at low cost.

It is hardly surprising that the Walloon workers should have wanted an outlet for their anger and despair—or that, in the Loi Unique, they should have found it.

Progress of Revolt

The teachers and municipal workers of Liège began the walkout. They were quickly followed by the rest of Wallonia, and soon after by most of Brussels and Flanders. The general

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strike was not of a classic revolutionary character; rather, it was a generalized strike, a "down with everything" stoppage of work that became tight and nation-wide. It started in Wallonia, where the economic distress was most acute, and it was the Walloons who were the most persistent.

For weeks after the others gave up, the Walloons continued to hold out —no longer against the Loi Unique alone but against the government, parliament, the banks, the Catholic Church, the Flemish, and even their own Socialist Party. Where they had started their protest as citizens, however irate, of a unified nation, they ended by raising on their city hall flagpoles the *coq hardie* on a yellow ground, the ancient standard of Wallonia.

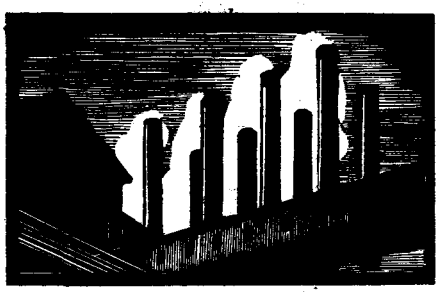
Even from the beginning, their strike was almost instinctively insurrectional; temperamentally, the Walloon Socialists are far closer to the Jacobins of the French Revolution, to the syndicalist Asturian miners, and the American IWW than to the moderate Social Democrats of contemporary Europe. Nevertheless, their semi-insurrection did not come into focus until mid-January when, after the Loi Unique had been approved in the Chamber of Deputies, they suddenly sent a petition to the king asserting Wallonia's "right to determine her own destiny and choose her own ways of economic and social expansion." They may not have been consciously separatist until that day. They are now.

From the time Flanders and Wallonia were brought together under Belgium's unitary constitution 130 years ago, these two disparate peoples have never lived easily together. Until lately, however, the French-speaking Walloons were the country's uncontested masters, while the Flemish minority was underprivileged and neglected. Having consistently borne more children, the Flemish Catholics now number four and a half million as against the Walloons' three and a half million, while the million mixed Bruxellois are shifting perceptibly to the Flemish side. The government, parliament, and many big financial institutions are now run largely by the Flemish; so was the Congo, incidentally—another favorite Walloon argument. Even the 1932 law settling the language question, once loaded in the Walloons' favor, now works against them. The law provides that any community whose population is more than seventy per cent Flemish or Walloon respectively may run its schools in its own language, with the other taught in high school as an elective foreign one. Thus, an unemployed miner from the Borinage today could not take a job in the Campine coal fields, behind the linguistic frontier, without mastering a new and for him difficult tongue.

Under the stress of their mortal economic illness, the Walloons have been nursing these grievances like so many running sores. The Walloons have finally decided that the one remedy is an autonomous regional government loosely federated with the rest of Belgium.

The Socialists' Dilemma

For the Socialists in Brussels, this is the worst of the general strike's



many appalling consequences. They fear that autonomy might make matters even worse for Wallonia: the strike has already done much to frighten capital away from the region, and a hotheaded local administration there would hardly lure it back. But even if it worked, the principle would be repugnant to the Socialists nationally. They have traditionally been a unifying force for Belgium's ethnic groups, and what's more, the prime defenders of the movement to unify Europe. A *dis*-unifying movement like Wallonian separatism, therefore, would go as much against their own grain as against the current of history.

Still, it was no easier for them to say "No" flatly in this case than in so many others since the strike began. From the day the strike call rang out, Socialist leaders in the capital have been racing to keep up with their own rank and file. Though they have known all along that the strike would be as ruinous for their party politically as it was for the country financially, their public solidarity with the strikers has never wavered; and though they fully expect proof of their ruin in the immediate elections they are demanding and will almost certainly get, they were the first to clamor for these elections.

By all the political rules, they should have been the last. Had their original strategy been applied—allowing the unpopular Loi Unique to get through parliament peacefully, then pressing for immediate elections—they might easily have carried the country. As it is, after a strike that frightened the public and wearied it past endurance, the Socialists face almost certain defeat.

With well over half their membership running rampant, however, the Socialist leaders could not have done otherwise. The Walloons had shown no signs of ending their strike even after January 14—when, with the Loi Unique approved in the lower house, the strikers' initial goal was plainly lost.

The Socialists' fear in this instance was not only that they might lose any remaining claims to the loyalty of Wallonia's masses but that these masses might turn somewhere else. The Communist Party has not been a problem in Belgium since 1945, when it had twenty deputies in parliament. Now, for the first time in fifteen years, the Socialists are worried, although to no great degree, about possible Communist gains.

The Socialists themselves are expected to drop well below their present forty per cent, the conservative Liberals to rise above their present eleven per cent, and the Social Christians to lose only a small fraction of what they might have lost had there never been a strike at all.

Toward Recovery

If this might mean a victory for the Social Christians in a sense, it too could be the kind of victory that isn't much better than defeat. The Walloons are not likely to be placated by a new Catholic government that is more or less a replica of the old, nor is the country as a whole likely to recover its economic force without energetic new leadership. Still, it is not unlikely that the next election

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will bring political renewal, in fact if not in name.

The general strike, coming on top of the Congo calamity, has left the Belgians badly shaken. The new self-knowledge they have acquired so painfully has brought with it a sense of urgency, a determination to bring the country back into step with the times.

There should be no reason why this could not be done. Belgium's industry may be lagging, but its capital is still there to be tapped, its workers are still among the most skilled in Europe, its historic industrial vocation is still unimpaired. With the Common Market expanding at an almost unbelievable rate, Belgium has every prospect of selling whatever it can produce.

What happened in Belgium is evidence of a restlessness which is found in other countries of Western Europe and which is perhaps not unrelated to the fact that amid the uproarious prosperity there are still deep-rooted pockets of misery. Maybe this restlessness has to do both with prosperity and misery. The Belgian strike affected a country that is singularly representative of Western Europe, if for no other reason than that Belgium is at the center of a multiple system of supranational ties. Belgium happens to belong to the Coal and Steel Community, Euratom, the European Economic Community—which in fact has its headquarters in Brussels—as well as to NATO. The recent crisis proves that supranationalism is not necessarily the cure for all a nation's ills.

Perhaps this is the reason that Paul-Henri Spaak, who used to be the leader of the Belgian Socialists, has decided to give up his NATO post and resume the leadership of the Socialist Party in his own country. To be sure, he had reasons to be distressed by the chronically unresolved conflict within NATO, but perhaps also he has come to conclude that the best thing he can do for NATO and the Common Market is go home and help put his house in order.

The World's Dollar and Ours

OTTO ECKSTEIN

THE NEW MAKERS of economic policy in Washington will certainly not have an easy job.

They must stimulate the economy to cure the recession while coping with a serious balance-of-payments deficit. The measures that would raise demand and restore full employment—such as lowering taxes, raising expenditures, and reducing interest rates—are also likely to worsen the balance of payments in the short run. Lower interest rates cause money to flow to foreign financial centers where it can earn a higher interest return. Whether we like it or not, our freedom of action is impaired: we must consider our balance of payments in determining recession policy. How did we get into this fix? And how should we try to extricate ourselves?

To understand the balance-of-payments problem, we must go back to 1949, when through devaluations of currency abroad, the dollar was made very expensive in terms of most European currencies. Ever since then, American goods and services have been anything but bargains to the rest of the world. So long as Western Europe was not able to supply large quantities of goods, this fact was not much of a deterrent to the sale of American goods and services. But as more and more European production became available, European goods invaded more and more markets, first pushing many American goods out of Europe's home markets, then making inroads in other markets, including our own.

It is fashionable in some quarters to speak of America as being "priced out of" world markets, but this is misleading. Actually, with the exception of steel, some machinery, and a few other manufactured goods, American prices have risen less than European prices in the last ten years. What has happened is that the increased availability of European goods, aided and promoted by aggressive merchandising and credit facilities, has finally brought about the full effect of the 1949 devaluations.

At the same time, the demands of American foreign policy have resulted in heavy expenditures abroad for military and economic aid programs. Much of this money has been spent on American goods, but often, for very sound economic as well as political reasons, much has been spent on the goods of other nations.

Finally, and perhaps most important, the dollar, like gold, is a world currency. Governments and corporations abroad transact much of their international business in dollars. Accordingly, they keep part of their reserves and working capital in dollars, usually in the form of short-term investments in New York.

A Matter of Confidence

Most governments don't keep all their monetary reserves in idle gold, nor do smart businesses keep all their working capital in checking accounts; they invest it in short-term securities to earn an income. When interest rates in Europe are higher than in the United States, these governments and businesses tend to switch their working capital from dollars to foreign currencies. With the U.S. balance of payments already in deficit, such a movement will lead to some loss of gold, since for international transactions the dollar can be transferred into gold.

This drain on our gold supply is accentuated by speculators who are betting that the United States will be forced to reduce the gold content of the dollar. International finance, like banking, is largely a matter of confidence. Part of our current predicament is that speculators, looking at our balance-of-payments deficit and our idling economy and high unemployment figures, think we shall have to devalue the dollar whether we want to or not. This lack of confidence is very much a factor in the outward flow of gold.

LET US LOOK at the domestic side of the problem as it can be traced over the last two business cycles. From the recession of 1954 we moved to a boom (1955-1957) which, except for a few months, was not excessive and yet which was accompanied by inflation. By 1958 we were in another

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recession, short but sharp, which was followed by a very hesitant recovery in 1959 and yet another recession in 1960. The average growth of the economy from peak to peak in both of these cycles (1953-1957 and 1957-1960) was only 2.5 per cent a year, well below our potential.

To understand why this is such an unsatisfactory picture, two questions about it are necessary: Why did we experience inflation during the moderate boom of 1955-1957? And why was the recovery from the 1958 recession so anemic?

The boom of 1955-1957 was brought about largely by the tremendous credit-financed sale of automobiles, aided by a large volume of house building made possible by easy mortgage money and by an increase in government purchases. Business was thus encouraged to invest heavily in new plants and equipment. But it was an unhealthy boom. Auto sales could not continue at such rates, and tightened monetary and fiscal policies kept other demands down. As a result, the newly enlarged business capacity proved excessive, and in 1957 investment plans were cut; the stage was set for recession.

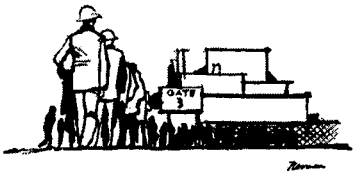
But the story of the 1955-1957 boom also includes a chapter on inflation with important bearings on our current economic predicament. During the brief period of exuberance in 1955-1956, the auto and steel industries, confident that any cost increases could be passed on with a profit markup, signed inflationary three-year wage contracts. From then on, as prices rose, the fear of a perpetual creeping inflation, beyond anybody's power to stop it, took hold.

The 1958 recession gave way under the stimulating influence of post-Sputnik expansion in defense and other public expenditures and again with the help of easy credit behind the housing industry. But the inflation-conscious Eisenhower administration was determined this time to dampen any overoptimism: the Federal Reserve moved quickly to tighten credit again, and the Federal budget, which had gone into a large recession deficit, was quickly geared to produce a surplus. The trouble was that the economy didn't respond with the exuberance it had shown in 1955-1956. There was no auto boom; investment did not reach the levels of the earlier period; Federal purchases declined; furthermore, unlike in 1957, when the Suez incident spurred our exports, our export surplus declined and led to the largest balance-of-payments deficit in our recent history.

It is true that personal consumption in 1959 continued to rise at a substantial rate and that state and local governments continued to increase their expenditures. But these did not prevent the recovery from being very weak. Unemployment averaged 5.5 per cent, which in ordinary circumstances would be considered a recession rate.

Is Inflation Dead?

Conservative spokesmen have defended this record on the theory that such slackness is the price that had to be paid during the readjustment from an inflationary economy to one with stable prices. But even on their own terms their case is not



proved. On present evidence, one cannot declare inflation dead. Measured by the economy's most comprehensive price index—the one used to express the gross national product in constant prices—inflation has continued. In the cycle 1953-1957, this index rose by 2.2 per cent a year; since then by 1.9 per cent.

Consumer prices have risen by as much since 1957 as they had before; the prices of services have risen even more. Only wholesale industrial prices have flattened out, rising at a rate of 0.6 per cent a year as against a previous 2.3 per cent. (It should be noted that this improvement is of strategic importance in our competitive position abroad.) On the wage side, the rate of increase in straight-time hourly earnings in manufacturing has slowed from 4.2 per cent in the mid-1950's to 3.3 per cent in the recent "recovery." But the present rate is still at least one per cent above the long-run increase in productivity and thus, if continued, would serve to drive up labor costs by that amount.

The major weakness in the Eisenhower administration's record on inflation was an unwillingness to adopt policies that were unpleasant to administer in a pressure-group society. It shied away from such unpopular steps as consumer credit controls and tax revisions when the situation clearly called for them. Throughout the period the government refused to face squarely the power over the market exercised by the combination of business and organized labor in concentrated industries (most clearly in the case of steel). Such power is capable of driving up prices and wages even in the absence of a strong demand for the product. The kind of escape we fashion from our current economic predicament will depend in large part on how the Kennedy administration meets these tests, particularly on its willingness to use the power of the Presidency in attacking the stubborn problems of price-setting and of collective bargaining in the concentrated industries.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION should reject completely the notion that the economy must be kept slack to counter the twin problems of the balance of payments and inflation. This is a false solution that offers no escape either from inflation or from balance-of-payments difficulties. Slow growth means a squeeze on profits, discouraging business investment. It also means less money devoted to research and development; and this too can damage our export drive, since our products, never cheap, must remain technically advanced to be competitive. Furthermore, slow growth encourages American capital to look abroad rather than at home for profitable investment opportunities. Finally, for better or worse, speculators are sensitive not only to interest rates but also to unemployment rates. If our domestic economic troubles mount, they will think devaluation of the dollar more likely.

Neither worry about the balance of payments nor fear of inflation provides any excuse for overcautious anti-recession policy. Nor do I believe that our payments position can be improved by protectionist measures. Raising tariffs and reducing economic aid, while they may reduce

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the deficit in the short run, are inflationary because they protect high costs at home. Therefore, in the long run they weaken America's competitive position.

What Can Be Done?

What then should be done about our balance of payments? No doubt there is a lot of room for redistribution of the aid burden and for numerous small economies in our overseas activities. These are the logical first steps. But so long as the United States faces foreign-policy demands like those of the present, the best defense for the dollar is a good offense—an offensive against trade restriction and export subsidies abroad and against high costs at home.

There is no economic reason for sacrificing foreign policy for the balance of payments, any more than there is an economic reason for sacrificing national security for a reduced Federal budget. The immediate need in domestic policy is clear: the total level of final demand must be increased, both to get the economy out of recession and, equally important, to assure that the next recovery will be complete. The expected increase in defense and other Federal expenditures will help serve these purposes. But no one should take it for granted that this will suffice. The Eisenhower administration had already stepped up defense orders last fall. New spending programs usually take a while to get started anyway.

Wisely, the Federal Reserve has so far kept money easy in this recession, letting domestic needs rather than gold flows determine interest-rate policy. If the gold flows ease or recovery comes soon, this gamble will have been won. But we must be prepared for the contingency that the recession will continue and the gold flow worsen because of speculation against the dollar. Then interest rates will have to be raised, despite the depressing effects, and the need for a stimulating tax and expenditure policy will become even more acute.

The President's Role

President Kennedy, in his State of the Union message, has already proposed certain steps to hasten the end of the recession, including improved unemployment compensation and stimulation of housing. So far he has stopped short of recommending a tax cut. But the case for at least a temporary tax cut is becoming stronger every day. December and January have proved to be worse months than most experts thought they would be just a few weeks ago. If the business decline continues in the same way in February, the time for a tax cut will be at hand.

But as vigorous policies help the economy get back to full employment, we cannot afford to return to inflation. Our international trade position simply does not permit it. The President must play a major role in keeping prices steady. While there is no present justification for an elaborate system of price and wage controls, the public interest is involved in key price and wage decisions. The President must create an institutional environment in which wielders of economic power in management and unions will pursue responsible, non-inflationary policies.

Inflation is no longer just a question of justice to pensioners. In the new competitive world markets, we are all in one boat together.

The Lessons of William Frantz And McDonogh 19

DOUGLASS CATER

NEW ORLEANS

THE SHRILL MOTHERS who have picketed New Orleans' two desegregated schools off and on since last November—ugly Americans in pin curlers, someone called them—consider themselves pretty effective as shock troops of rebellion. But Mayor deLesseps S. Morrison, deeply troubled by the adverse publicity drawn to his city, points out that at no time has the crowd at either school numbered more than two hundred, including a sizable press contingent. In general, the same group of women turned up day after day, staging their harangues before the cameras and then rushing home to watch themselves on television. In view of what happened at Little Rock and at Clinton, Tennessee, the absence of violence is notable.

Quite apart from the street noises, however, New Orleans is caught in a far more serious crisis, now aggravated by the fact that it is no longer front-page news. Technically, two schools have been integrated. What this actually means is that at William Frantz a single Negro student was going to school in the same building with about eight white students. At McDonogh 19, three Negroes have had the place all to themselves except for a few days when one white third-grader showed up.

Most of the remaining students—about a thousand—who formerly attended the two schools are now being transported to inadequate accommodations in nearby St. Bernard Parish, outside the New Orleans school board's jurisdiction, where the schools and practically everything else is run by Louisiana's archsegregationist, Leander Perez. An undisclosed but large number, emancipated by the state legislature from compulsory education, have dropped out of school altogether.

It is not suprising that the stalemate has lasted so long. This initial effort at school desegregation in the Deep South happened to occur in a generally poor downtown neighborhood of New Orleans. The median family income in one housing project near McDonogh 19 is $1,500 a year. The whites, coming from many and mixed ethnic backgrounds and often themselves the victims of discrimination, have clung desperately to their feeling of superiority over the Negro. They refuse to believe that the school board was not motivated by malice in selecting their schools as the first to be integrated. Along with corrosive racial antag-

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onisms, the episode has aroused a bitter class hostility toward those working for school desegregation who live in better neighborhoods.

In the Name of States' Rights

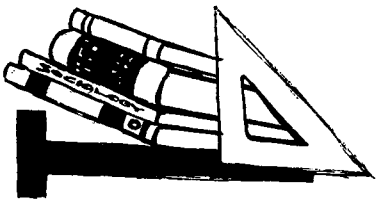
But even more troublesome for the foreseeable future, the school crisis has brought an open rupture in city-state relations in a state where the rural constituencies have long controlled much of what goes on in the capital, Baton Rouge. Hostility toward New Orleans has not been so heated since the days when Huey Long, as a method of political domination, used to damn the "city folks." Governor Jimmie H. Davis and some of his associates, including Louisiana's superintendent of education, Shelby Jackson, have shown a disposition to exploit the present situation with similar cynicism.

Baton Rouge's warfare against New Orleans has come in two phases. In the first, a siege of litigation was mounted against the city school board and the court. Five times the governor or the legislature tried to take over the schools. The school board that had been duly elected was declared abolished and the job of school superintendent liquidated. In the name of states' rights, there were continual encroachments on local rights. Some acts were prompted by pure vindictiveness. When the governor failed in an effort to seize school-board funds on deposit in the Whitney Bank of New Orleans, he summarily withdrew all state funds on deposit in the bank.

By their acts, not to mention their public pronouncements, the state leaders flirted continually with contempt of court. For a time, Governor Davis refused to accept official communications from Federal District Judge J. Skelly Wright. Six of them dropped on the floor at his secretary's feet were ceremoniously covered with sheets of transparent plastic. Time after time, the legislature retroactively "authorized" acts of defiance committed by Davis, Jackson, and others in an attempt to dilute the responsibility in case they should be held in contempt.

Measured in volume alone, the legal contest was a formidable one. For a time last August, it looked as if the schools would have to be closed despite the best efforts of the school board. Then a shrewdly conceived suit on behalf of white parents in New Orleans managed to forestall this. In November, after a legislative act threatened the arrest of Federal marshals, the U.S. Justice Department finally joined the battle as *amicus curiae* and helped to counterbalance the state's massive facilities. Even so, only the constant surveillance and prompt enjoinders of Judge Wright managed to keep the whole case from foundering.

The second phase of the battle of New Orleans has been a slightly more subtle effort to strangle the city's school system by cutting off its revenues. In November, the legislators placed the state's monthly allotments for the New Orleans school budget—which amount annually to sixty per cent of the total—in a special legislative fund, from which salaries were paid out to all school employees except to teachers in the two integrated schools and to fifty-five key administrative employees throughout the system. Contempt citations are still pending against state officials who were responsible for this discrimination. Meanwhile, though the state has grudgingly and belatedly met some of its obligations, it still holds onto Federal monies owed New Orleans for the school lunch and milk programs.



BUT THERE IS an even more urgent financial problem. Forty per cent of the New Orleans school budget is supplied by a local ad valorem tax on property, which must be paid in June and October. To cover expenses until the revenue comes in, the school board has customarily gotten a loan from local banks, using the anticipated tax as collateral. But the authority to sanction any such loan lies with a board controlled by the governor. So far this year, that authority has been withheld.

This has put the school-board members in a difficult situation. Even if they win a court order enjoining state authorities to permit a loan, they doubt whether local banks would be willing to risk incurring the state's displeasure. They have considered issuing tax-anticipation certificates to be marketed through national bonding houses. But such certificates require a "no litigation" guarantee, which obviously cannot be given at present.

As a desperate alternative, Mayor Morrison not long ago asked property owners to pay their ad valorem taxes ahead of the June deadline. So far the response from a number of leading businesses, including the city's public utility and the newspaper companies, indicates that business sentiment, long dormant, is shifting toward support of the public schools. The mayor's tactic may bring in enough tax money to keep the schools open until the summer vacation.

Beyond that, however, the school authorities are afraid to look. They predict the state may attempt to slash its share of next year's budget. Pushing the school system into bankruptcy, they point out, is the only way Governor Davis can get hold of the costly investment in plant and facilities that would permit him to establish a bona fide private-school system.

What Courts Can't Do

In its recent report addressed to President Kennedy, the Southern Regional Council declared, "We believe we speak with knowledge of the South when we say that controversy and conflict are only worsened . . . when heated strife is followed by only slight and ambiguous victories for civil rights, or when the Federal government and its agencies proclaim policies which are not enforced." The Council argued that the time has come for the President to take the initiative in dealing with the school problem, among others in the realm of civil rights. Many thoughtful residents of New Orleans are convinced that without such initiative their community and others caught in similar crises are likely to become desolate wastelands in Mr. Kennedy's New Frontier.

They point out that New Orleans represents the best, not the worst, conditions to be expected in the Deep South. The city has long been

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noted for its culture and civility. Its veteran mayor has behaved cautiously in this tense situation but with a high sense of responsibility. Four of the five members of the school board, once they had no legal recourse left, obeyed the court orders without wavering. Judge Wright, a native of New Orleans, has applied his rulings patiently but persistently. Two organizations have been set up by white parents to support the public schools, and there has been prudent leadership among the Negroes. The city's newspapers have certainly not done any crusading, but a television station, WDSU, has editorialized courageously on the school situation. Such conditions are not found in many Southern communities.

AT THE TIME of the Supreme Court decision in 1954, press and public comment were generally restrained in New Orleans. Undoubtedly, attitudes have hardened since then. An opinion poll taken privately in December among the city's white citizens showed considerable support for the way state officials had acted.

The poll revealed unusually heavy opposition to the desegregation of public schools among the city's Catholics, many of whose children attend parochial schools. Adding to the difficulties, the elderly Archbishop Joseph Francis Rummel, who has been an outspoken foe of segregation, fell and was critically injured only a few days before the school crisis erupted. In his absence, it was decided that the parochial schools, which were to have been desegregated step by step along with the public schools, would remain segregated.

The December poll, however, illustrated at least one weak spot among the segregationists. Sixty per cent of those polled thought establishment of a private-school system was a good idea. Yet less than a majority were for raising the state sales tax by one cent to pay for it. The distinction was brought home to Governor Davis in early January when, despite his best efforts, the state senate rejected his request for the extra penny. It was his first political setback since the school crisis began.

It has become dishearteningly evident in New Orleans that the Supreme Court decision imposes an insufferable burden on the Federal District judge who must try to enforce it. As the primary target of abuse by the politicians in Baton Rouge, Judge Wright has met his obligations with an uncommon degree of quiet courage. But even the best judge lacks the tools to change the social make-up of a whole community. He can forbid unconstitutional behavior—i.e., the maintenance of segregated schools—but he can scarcely compel people to act according to the Constitution—i.e., integrate their schools. He constantly risks destroying what he is trying to perfect. Or to prevent this he finds himself dragged into the monitorship of the schools that he has neither the time nor the resources to administer.

What can a President do to help? Those who have endured the New Orleans crisis suggest a number of courses, official and unofficial. Not least, they argue, a man with Mr. Kennedy's high concept of the Presidency can certainly assert moral leadership in a way that Mr. Eisenhower was never willing to do. This would involve not merely condemning those who deliberately flout the law but endorsing those who seek to obey it. As one New Orleans mother remarked, "The Negro and white children who brave the crowds' jeers are just as much heroes of our times as the RB-47 pilots whom Kennedy welcomed home from Soviet imprisonment."

In the kind of grinding stalemate that now confronts New Orleans, it is claimed, a President could find opportunities to bolster those public officials who are caught in a predicament not of their own making. Both the school board and its enemies should be assured that under no circumstances will the school system be allowed to go into bankruptcy. This need not necessarily require direct Federal grants. For the present at least, it would be sufficient to provide Federal backing for whatever bank loans are necessary until city authorities can work out their budgetary problems.

Many in New Orleans believe that an appropriate word from the President might have forestalled Governor Davis before he became committed to last-ditch defiance. Admittedly, it is a subtle business, but the Federal government has as many ways to coax and coerce state officials as the latter have in dealing with a city school board.

Only the President

As the Southern Regional Council implied—and as many who have suffered through the battle of New Orleans would now agree—it may be that only the President can devise an effective long-range strategy for dealing with the school problem in the Deep South. Too much of the timing and tactics have been left to the initiative of N.A.A.C.P. lawyers. Too great a burden has been imposed on the Federal judges and the harassed local school officials.

There has been no synchronization or co-ordination among the efforts in different Southern communities. It might have helped if New Orleans and Atlanta (where another judge granted a last-minute stay last year) had taken the plunge into desegregating their public schools together; and it certainly would have helped if the timetable of the city's parochial schools had matched that of its public schools. Some way should have been found to initiate the program in a more promising neighborhood. A few such precautions could have lessened the shock of breaking through the segregation barriers.

Some of this can be done in the Justice Department, which ought to have become actively involved much sooner in New Orleans. It was no secret in Washington that Mr. Eisenhower ordered Justice lawyers not to intervene until after the November elections. As a result, the crisis was fully developed before M. Hepburn Many, the able U.S. attorney in New Orleans, was allowed to do anything.

Not all of the strategy, however, should be left to the Justice Department. Much could be accomplished by skillful Presidential trouble shooters, who might be able to move into a situation before it hardens beyond help. Indeed, they will need to operate beyond the narrow concepts of law enforcement that have defined the limits of the government's actions so far. Unless they do, it is doubtful that the real meaning of the law can ever be enforced in troubled communities like New Orleans.

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The Plight of the Moroccan Jews

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

EARLY on New Year's Day a patrol of Moroccan police arrested an old Jew near the gates of the *mellah,* the ancient Jewish quarter of Casablanca, and charged him with an unusual offense: waking up Jews so that they might pray for the death of Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser, who was scheduled to arrive the next day for the African Nationalist Conference. Eventually the suspect convinced the authorities that he was regularly employed by the Jewish community, in accordance with a tradition antedating by many centuries the invention of the alarm clock, to go through the *mellah* every morning from door to door, waking the faithful for prayers. He was released, but later the same day police in Casablanca arrested several Jewish women returning from a visit to a cemetery, on the charge that they had donned mourning to protest against Nasser's arrival, and even picked up some Jewish youths found wearing their usual black skullcaps or berets. In all, according to responsible though inevitably partisan Jewish sources, some five hundred Jews were arrested throughout Morocco during the conference. The charges on which they were apprehended ranged from casting spells to wearing a blue suit and a white shirt (the national colors of Israel) at a wedding. Many of those taken into custody were held for twenty-four hours or even longer, and some, including a Swiss rabbi living in Morocco, were systematically beaten.

Moroccan anti-Semitism, both private and official, rose to a high pitch after forty-two clandestine Jewish emigrants, trying to reach Gibraltar in the worm-eaten smuggling schooner *Pisces,* were drowned on the night of January 10. The Spanish captain and two of the crew escaped in the only lifeboat, abandoning the passengers to their fate. The three survivors were arrested as soon as they touched Moroccan soil—not for homicide but for evading the emigration laws. The Moroccan press clamored for punishment of the "Zionist agents" allegedly responsible for instigating such treasonable acts as risking one's life to get out of the country, and the more extreme nationalist organs gave the impression that every Moroccan Jew is a potential Zionist. Accusing the organizations of the Jewish community in Morocco of being "centers of espionage and sabotage where plots against the internal and external security of the state are hatched," the daily *Al Fajr* darkly concluded: "The measures so far taken by the authorities against treasonable activities show that the evil is deeper and wider than we realized. . . . The problem must be re-examined." Some Moroccan papers have hinted at the need of a special statute for the nation's Jews, who up to now have enjoyed full rights of citizenship.

THE ANTI-JEWISH press campaigns and police harassment, aggravated by sporadic acts of individual hooliganism against Jews (notably at Meknès) and by outbursts of mass hatred, have plunged many of Morocco's 200,000 Jews into a state of panic. The normal trickle of clandestine emigration has spurted; during the Casablanca conference, 117 Jews succeeded in leaving the country, some of them at fantastic risk. According to a special correspondent sent to Morocco by the Paris daily *France-Soir,* after the *Pisces* incident in all the *mellahs* of Morocco women who had been going about in deep mourning for years suddenly appeared in brightly colored dresses lest they be suspected of family ties with one of the shipwreck victims—most of whom had to be buried in nameless graves—and punished as abettors of treason.

To observers who have had a chance to study the Jewish question in Morocco at first hand recently—my last trip was a year ago—the latest reports from there are depressingly familiar in some respects. In others, however, they sound a new and more sinister note, with grave implications for the future not only from the viewpoint of the Jews but also from that of Morocco's role in Africa.

Fear and tension between Moslems and Jews have existed in Morocco to some degree since the Arabs arrived there in the seventh century. The Jews were already there, at least in the form of native Berbers converted to the Judaic religion by scattered Hebrew settlers or adventurers, some of whom may have come to Morocco with Phoenician traders long before the destruction of the Temple. The Sephardic reflux from Spain and Portugal in the fifteenth century represented a new wave of Jewish settlement, at a high cultural level. Until the French protectorate, Moroccan Jews had the status of *dhimmis*—alien subjects of the sultan, with limited but recognized rights. In the larger Moroccan

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cities their *mellahs,* half sanctuaries, half ghettos, were huddled in unhygienic squalor as close as possible to the walls of the sultan's palace, symbolizing their uneasy though rarely intolerable relationship with the Moslem majority. Nearly every political or economic upheaval in Morocco's tormented history brought out Moslem mobs to loot the *mellahs*—and sometimes to massacre their inmates—but in quiet times the two communities lived side by side without serious friction. In North Africa Moslem anti-Semitism, if it can be called that, never had the virulence of the Christian variety in Europe. It was not racial hatred but, as one leading French authority on North African Judaism puts it, an attitude of "ritual contempt."

The poor and the illiterate among both Jews and Moslems shared quite a number of traditions and superstitions. Some sixty-four of the Marabouts, the miracle-working holy men whose worship is a special feature of the folk religion in Morocco, are equally venerated by members of the two communities. One of the most famous Marabouts was actually a kind of paleo-Zionist who came to Morocco in the seventeenth century to collect funds for Jewish cultural activities in Palestine.

The Call of Israel

On my last visit to Morocco, strolling through the faded, blue-shadowed splendor of the old Moorish quarter in Tangiers, I asked to be shown the birthplace of Sol Ha Saddika, a nineteenth-century Jewess who is one of the few female Marabouts honored in Morocco. My guide, a Moslem university student in blue jeans, looked blank. Thinking that my accent was at fault, I added some identifying details. Sol Ha Saddika—plain Solica to members of her own community—was the seventeen-year-old daughter of a Tangiers shopkeeper. She was executed in Fez a little over a century ago because she refused to give up her faith and become a Moslem in order to enter the Sultan's harem. For generations her tomb was a place of pilgrimage for both Moslem and Jewish women. "Sol Ha Saddika," the student repeated, so sullenly I knew he was lying, "I never heard of her. We're no longer interested in folklore." When I mentioned Solica to a westernized Jewish businessman in Tangiers, his reaction was much the same. He knew of her as a martyr of Jewish resistance to the millennial press of Islam in North Africa, but he sounded vaguely ashamed of her posthumous career as the tutelary spirit of a Berber folk cult.

The tendency of both educated Jews and Moslems in contemporary Morocco to turn their backs on "folklore"—that is, on the common indigenous elements in their past—in favor of more "modern" values has contributed to the growing twentieth-century tension between the two communities. It began under the French protectorate when part of the Jewish minority, liberated at last from the *mellah,* associated itself closely with French colonialism and thereby achieved a great economic and cultural advance over the more slowly evolving Moslem bourgeoisie. Simultaneously the craftsmen of the *mellahs* sank into more abject poverty than before because of the introduction of mass-produced foreign goods.

The founding of Israel touched off a kind of mystic stampede among the poorest Moroccan Jews, especially those in the remote mountain villages. Approximately 125,000 of them emigrated to Israel, mostly before 1956. The rush of would-be emigrants overwhelmed the French authorities and Moroccan Jewish organizations, creating serious social problems. ". . . Whole communities prepared themselves for imminent departure to the Holy Land," writes André Chouraqui, a French expert on North African Jewish problems. "Everything was sold—land, houses, sometimes even the furniture—to lighten the voyage toward the promised redemption."

Immediate departure could not be arranged for thousands of families, owing to red tape or simply a lack of adequate transportation, and they piled into the already overcrowded *mellahs* of the larger cities—they had nowhere else to go—where some of them have had to remain ever since. The memory still lingers of the Oujda massacre of 1948, when thirty-nine Jews were killed by a Moslem mob stirred up by Pan-Arab agitators from the Middle East.

A wave of real panic swept over the *mellahs* when Morocco became independent in 1956. Vague fears for the future of Jewry in a Moslem kingdom were reinforced by widespread—though relatively mild—outbreaks of hostility against individual Jews. There was a new exodus from the smaller towns and the countryside, where the Jews felt less secure than in the cities.

When the new Moroccan government clamped down a ban on organized collective emigration to Israel almost immediately after independence, the larger *mellahs* were saturated and the Jewish social-relief organizations had to set up an emergency refugee camp near Casablanca. In late June, 1956, when I visited it, it harbored about six thousand men, women, and children. Later, some of them were given permission to leave for Israel under a compromise agreement worked out between the Jewish agencies and the Moroccan government. My visit was one of the most depressing experiences I have had as a reporter. There was no doubt that fear was the main motive impelling most of the inmates to leave Morocco. Justified or not, it was spontaneous and horribly real. Several times during my tour of the settlement, the volunteer camp guards had to threaten the refugees with clubs to save me from being trampled by crowds stimulated to a frenzy of anguished hope by the presence of an English-speaking stranger. "You just can't go on living forever knowing that you are surrounded by hate," explained one of the less hysterical refugees.

In the first years of independence, the Moroccan government maintained its opposition to organized emigration, both on economic grounds and for reasons of prestige. It sometimes interfered rather brutally in the internal affairs of the Jewish community. When a change in leadership of Jewish social or cultural organizations was considered desirable, it sometimes happened that the president or secretary of one of them would hear an anonymous but official-sounding voice tell him over the telephone, "Forget about Jewish affairs if you want to stay alive." At the same time efforts were made by the government and the sultan to reassure the mass of Moroccan Jews of their personal safety, and to con-

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vince them that they were regarded as valued citizens of the new Moroccan nation. A Jew was named to a cabinet post and several others held high civil-service positions. The Istiqlal and other Moroccan nationalist political parties welcomed Jewish members—at least they welcomed those Jews who had had the foresight to apply before independence. King Mohammed V and Crown Prince Moulay Hassan repeatedly demonstrated their respect for the Jewish faith.

This "integrationist" policy toward the Jewish minority gave good results for a while, but it was beginning to wear thin by the time I visited Morocco last spring. Some Jewish leaders with whom I talked felt that "integration" was being pushed too hard.

"If integration means conversion to Islam, we're not having it," one of them said bluntly. "If it merely means the integration of the Jewish religious community in the Moroccan state, we were already integrated, So what is all this talk about?"

Moroccan efforts to control—and, it was suspected, ultimately to absorb—Jewish welfare organizations were the subject of frequent complaints. One of the main targets of Moroccan official hostility seemed to be the American Joint Distribution Committee, despite the fact that it systematically and generously shares its gifts of money, clothes, and food with the Moslem needy.

Other Moroccan Jews complained that, on the contrary, certain Moroccan officials were insincere or at least inconsistent in interpreting "integration." There was discrimination against Jews in government jobs and in the universities, they charged.

"It's beginning to look as if there is not much future for the Jews in Morocco," said one typical representative of the younger middle-class Moroccan Jews who identified themselves with the Moroccan nationalist movement before independence. "We have tried hard to be responsible Moroccan citizens, but we are slowly being pushed back against our wills to the old status of *dhimmis*."

In the main, personal relations between middle-class Jews and the educated Moslem bourgeoisie were still fairly good last March, but intercommunal frictions were as bad as ever in the countryside, and consequently the old *mellahs* and the surrounding Jewish slums in the big cities were more crowded than ever with refugees from the hinterland.

"Here in Rabat," said a prosperous Jewish businessman, "Moslems treat us so well you would think they were Jews. Why, they even come to dinner at our houses with their wives, unveiled. But just across the river in Salé, the common people are such fanatics that many Jews have found it impossible to go on living with them."

Tightening the Screw

The most serious problem in Jewish-Moslem relationships remains the continuing governmental opposition to emigration, and the efforts of a

sizable minority of Moroccan Jews who seek to migrate to Israel in spite of everything.

"Emigration is a safety valve for Morocco," a moderate Jewish leader told me. "It is necessary both economically and psychologically. If our poor Jews were free to emigrate, we would lose a few thousands who are only a drain on the Moroccan economy, but the rest would feel safer and no longer want to leave. It is human nature to feel frightened whenever you are penned in."

The vicious circle of fear and repression became a spiral of tension when Morocco joined the Arab League in 1958. Not content with blocking organized emigration, the Moroccan police started withholding passports from individual Jews suspected of seeking to reach Israel. Then they began arresting—and sometimes torturing—Jews suspected of conspiracy to emigrate. In the summer of 1958 a show trial was held in Tangiers of a group of Jews who had been caught trying to slip over to Gibraltar. Some of the defendants, who had been held in jail for nearly a year, had been mistreated to obtain confessions. The alleged ringleaders received sentences of up to three years.

Another turn of the screw came in the fall of 1959, when Morocco, in accordance with Arab League regulations, cut off postal relations with Israel. Many Moroccan Jews manage to communicate by indirect means with their families or friends in Israel, but the postal ban disturbs them deeply as a symptom of a progressive malady in the state. "Eventually they'll get around to arresting us for conspiracy against the state every time a Moroccan Jew encloses a message for his old mother in Israel in a letter to France," a middle-class Jew remarked to me.

THINGS still haven't reached that point in Morocco, but judging from the latest reports the situation has worsened dramatically there. It looks all the blacker because King Mohammed V, whom several Moroccan Jews characterized to me as their "last hope," has been running the country directly, with the help of his son, since last May; and in those months official harassment of the Jews has reached a new intensity. Probably there has not been any change in the king's personal views; what chiefly disturbs non-Jewish French observers of North African affairs is the suspicion that the current outbreak of Moroccan anti-Semitism is a symptom that the situation in Morocco is escaping from his control. Like the December flare-up of anti-Semitism among Algerian Moslems, which brought the sacking of the Algiers synagogue and other outrages that raised the problem of the Jewish minority in Algeria after independence, the Moroccan flare-up is viewed here as reflecting the rise and spread of revolutionary anarchy or extremism within a segment of North African nationalism. Perhaps the West will start considering the plight of Morocco's Jews as a serious storm signal.

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The Case of Hsuan Wei

CHARLES REMSBERG

When Hsuan Wei entered the United States in 1952 just before his twenty-fifth birthday, he enjoyed the modest distinction of being the first Chinese Nationalist marine chosen for special training at Quantico, Virginia, under the U.S.-Chinese Mutual Defense Assistance Program. Two years later, First Lieutenant Wei had become the key figure in a vexing international incident. Newspaper reports disclosed that while studying amphibious warfare at the huge naval station, the handsome, soft-spoken young man had conducted an impromptu barracks seminar in Chinese affairs, an undertaking that infuriated Chiang Kai-shek's régime and led Wei himself into a legal battle with the U.S. immigration authorities.

It seems that soon after the lieutenant had arrived in Virginia, minor riots broke out on Formosa. Sketchy newspaper accounts aroused the curiosity of American servicemen quartered with Wei, and they questioned him about Chiang's administration of the island. "With American taxpayers financing Chiang's government and with the Seventh Fleet guarding the island, I felt the servicemen had a right to know about conditions there," Wei once explained to me. "I wasn't criticizing or complaining—just describing."

His descriptions were not altogether flattering. Wei spoke from the firsthand contact with Chiang's policies that a nine-year military career had given him. As a specialist in bridge demolition, Wei had fought the Japanese invader and later the Chinese Communists; his had been the last unit to pull out of Shanghai when the Nationalists fled the mainland. Later, as liaison officer and interpreter for the U.S. Military Advisory Group sent to aid Chiang, he had been given access to secret Nationalist files.

Citing numerous examples, Wei informed his fellow trainees at Quantico that discipline in Nationalist military ranks was inhuman. Wei himself had witnessed the crucifixion of two deserters from his own company. Morale was so low that officers had been murdered by enlisted men, and the Generalissimo was so afraid of being assassinated that all live ammunition was taken from his troops whenever he appeared before them.

Wei said that Chinese soldiers had orders to spy on American servicemen and civilians on Formosa, noting particularly comments about the government and Chiang. While Wei had been working in an American military office on the island he was commanded to rummage through a major's safe whenever it was left unlocked.

Thought control, Wei said, was rigidly enforced in the military by "political officers," representing the Kuomintang and supervised by Chiang's Russian-trained son, Lieutenant General Chiang Ching-kuo. These officers lectured each military unit as much as three hours daily on political beliefs. At election time, servicemen were marched to the polls and ordered to vote for Kuomintang candidates.

Wei also mentioned that concentration camps at Taipei, Nantao, Fungshan, and Ho Shou Island house critics of the régime who have been discovered by the government's Peace Preservation Police; and mass executions were carried out: one of Wei's school chums had once directed the liquidation of 150 "political prisoners" on a Formosan beach.

In January 1953, the one hundred dollars monthly pay Wei had been receiving from his government ceased abruptly. A "faceless informer," still unknown to Wei, had reported on the young lieutenant's barracks seminars to the Chinese embassy. According to testimony given later at deportation hearings, Wei went to Washington several months later for an explanation and was threatened by Captain Liu Ho-tu, then the Chinese embassy's naval attaché.

"He told me to stop criticizing," Wei testified. "He said, 'You know what will happen to you if the government knows you are criticizing it.' Through my past experience on Formosa, that could mean only one thing: that I would be shot by a firing squad."

But Wei continued to answer frankly the questions put to him by Americans. "I felt I couldn't lie," he explains. "I didn't think my government was right in what it was doing. Besides, once you are threatened, that is the end of it. It is useless to retract anything."

In December, 1953, and April and May, 1954, Wei again visited Captain Liu to complain about not receiving his monthly pay. At each meeting there were angry warnings about Wei's continued slurs on the Generalissimo. Wei testified that at their last meeting, Lu called him a traitor and told him: "You will be executed when you return to Formosa."

The night before he was supposed to sail home from San Francisco in June, 1954, Wei wrote a letter to the Chinese ministry of national defense, resigning his commission and explaining that he planned to seek asylum in this country. Then he fled to Chicago, where he had friends.

A month later two U.S. naval intelligence officers invaded his roominghouse and arrested him without showing a warrant. Denied permission to get in touch with anyone,

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Wei was held overnight under armed guard at the nearby Great Lakes Naval Training Center, then flown to the Twelfth Naval District Headquarters at Treasure Island, California. There he overheard an intelligence agent ask the officer of the day for a special plane to fly him back to Formosa. No mention was made of a deportation hearing.

Before he could be flown to Formosa, however, the Chicago *Tribune*, which had been informed of Wei's disappearance by his landlady, traced him with the aid of the San Francisco *Chronicle* and demanded that proper procedures be followed. A young Chicago attorney, Franklin Cole, read the first public account of Wei's plight and offered to defend him free of charge. The litigation that started then is now in its seventh year.

Imperiled Mathematician

During the seven years, Wei has earned a bachelor's and a master's degree from Northwestern University and has spent the last year teaching mathematics at Wisconsin State College in Whitewater, awaiting disposition of his case. "I feel like something without a root," he told me one day, "floating around from day to day. My problem is with me all the time."

Wei agrees with U.S. government prosecutors that he is deportabl under our immigration laws. He entered this country as a "non-immigrant alien," specifically as a government official of another nation. By resigning his commission and remaining here beyond the end of the Quantico training period, he clearly violated that status. But he claims that his case goes much deeper. Although Nationalist China has demanded his return to stand trial for desertion, he asserts that he will be prosecuted instead for political deviation, and he is convinced that he will be executed.

He is not alone in this belief. Many witnesses—missionaries, U.S. military officers, native Formosans, and others familiar with Chiang's tactics—have testified at a series of inquiries conducted by officers of the Immigration and Naturalization Service that such has been the fate of other outspoken Chinese. The only rebuttal presented thus far by government prosecutors is a letter from the Chinese embassy to the State Department, which claims that Wei would be subject to a maximum of three years in prison when returned to Formosa. In answer to this, Dr. K. C. Wu, once governor of Formosa and personal secretary to Chiang, has testified: "I have no doubt Wei would never come out of jail alive. His death might be attributed to natural causes, but it would surely occur within that three-year span. It is a system which I know."

Immigration authorities have consistently ruled against Wei, denying him residence here under the Refugee Relief Act, refusing him permission to depart voluntarily to another nation of his choice, and rejecting his request for an indefinite stay of deportation under the Immigration and Nationality Act. At present, he is seeking a ruling from a U.S. District Court on whether his last request was properly denied. If he loses he will appeal, and if his appeal fails he will try other sections of the immigration laws. Possibly a special bill will be introduced in Congress on his behalf. Whatever legal procedure is followed, undoubtedly several years will pass before his case is finally decided.

Reasons of State

The case of Hsuan Wei, which involves not only immigration policy but foreign policy as well, is obviously a touchy one for our government. Given Chiang's insistence that Wei be returned to Formosa, to allow him to stay here would clearly be an affront to a nation we consider an ally. Furthermore, we are still training Nationalist personnel under the same program that brought Wei here (we have trained some 2,500 men to date). To grant Wei asylum might be construed by other nations as a tacit admission that our government is training troops for a vicious dictatorship, as Wei has charged. On the other hand, if we return Wei to Formosa and his worst fears are realized, the repercussions could be even more serious.

Faced with this dilemma, has the U.S. government been pressured into action against Wei by Nationalist China? The prosecutor in Wei's case, Assistant U.S. Attorney Elmer M. Walsh, Jr., denies it, but Wei's attorney, Franklin Cole, declares that immigration officials have been influenced by more than the merits of the case. And he raises some interesting questions: Why did the Navy all but kidnap Wei and attempt to spirit him out of the country without benefit of normal deportation procedure? Why did the Immigration and Naturalization Service apparently prejudge Wei's case before testimony was completed? Cole points out, for instance, that in February, 1958, while hearings were being held in Chicago, the Associated Press disclosed the contents of a letter written by Immigration Commissioner J. M. Swing, in which Swing told Representative Sidney Yates (D., Illinois), who had inquired about the case, that Wei's petition for asylum would be denied and that because of "matters of foreign policy" he should be deported.

Nationalist officials seem to have taken steps to narrow the choice open to the United States. In 1955, the Chinese consulate in Chicago wrote to at least one country, Argentina: ". . . should Hsuan Wei apply to you for a visa for the purpose of going to Argentina, such application should be denied him. . . ." Nationalist China may well have sent similar communications to all nations with which it maintains diplomatic relations. If so, Wei has little chance of ever being granted permission to leave for another country of his choice (sometimes a substitute for asylum in controversial cases), since permission must be granted by the country he chooses.

Wei's attorney argues that "Congress intended our immigration laws to operate for the benefit of all refugees of oppression, whether that oppression comes from an ally or an enemy." He is hopeful of a change of attitude toward his client on the part of the new administration. Meanwhile Hsuan Wei goes on feeling "like something without a root, floating around from day to day."

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'With a Tallis, I Can Die'

PATRICIA BLAKE

"How in the world do you expect to make contact with the Orthodox community in Russia?" asked the New York rabbi to whom I had come for advice. "You don't look Jewish, you don't act Jewish, you don't talk Jewish—and besides, you're a woman. For that reason alone, Orthodox men won't have anything to do with you." I agreed it was probably hopeless. Then the rabbi had an idea. "Take some *tallisim*, the shawls Jews wear when they pray; they are priceless in Russia. Present them to the rabbis in the synagogues. They will probably have a few words with you then."

Three days later I landed at Moscow's Vnukovo Airport carrying a parcel that greatly puzzled a customs official. "*Komu eto nuzhno?* Who needs that?" he asked, fingering a dozen identical black-and-white woolen shawls. "I do!" I answered, hugging myself and shivering. "I'm cold-blooded. What miserable weather in Moscow!" He concurred about the weather; it was fifteen degrees below zero. I got through with my shawls.

During the next six weeks I left the *tallisim* locked in a suitcase in my hotel room while I went about other business. I had come to Russia to write a series of articles on various religious faiths, and knowing the susceptibility of Soviet officials on the Jewish question, I decided to start with Christians. I reasoned that if I were to tangle with the authorities, it would be best to do so toward the end of my assignment.

The time passed agreeably. I interviewed metropolitans in cloth-of-gold vestments, chatted with bejeweled bishops, and exchanged wishes for peace and friendship with tonsured deacons. I visited the resplendent monastery and theological school at Zagorsk, and two fine convents in Kiev. At the fourth-century Holy See of the Armenian Apostolic Church in Echmiadzin, I inspected a brand-new printing press for theological literature, donated by Armenian-Americans. As Easter approached I marveled at the great banks of hothouse flowers massed before the splendid gilded altars of Russia's cathedrals.

Then one Saturday morning I attended the first Jewish Orthodox service of my life, in one of Moscow's three synagogues. This was a small ramshackle wooden structure in the center of a muddy courtyard. I climbed upstairs at once to the gallery where women are kept separated from men by ritual law. Here some twenty middle-aged and elderly women crowded around me; when I told them I was an American Jew, they squeezed and petted me. My ignorance of Yiddish did not bother them a bit. "Our young people don't know it either," said one, stroking my hair. They questioned me in Russian. By chance did I know their relatives in Brooklyn, in the Bronx, in Chicago? Anyway, would I get in touch with them and tell them they were alive and safe? Was there as much anti-Semitism in America as in Russia? Would there be war? Had Dulles been a Jew? My astonishment at this last question was matched by their disappointment at my answer. How they had trusted him, believed in him! Some form of the word "Dulles," it seemed, means "poverty" in Yiddish. When they asked for confirmation of Eisenhower's, Rockefeller's, and Harriman's Jewishness, I did not have the heart to deny it. They had personal questions for me, too. What did my father do? Where was I staying in Moscow? Was I married? My reply to this last question provoked a chorus of horrified "Oi! And why not?"

Downstairs in the men's part of the synagogue, the atmosphere was not nearly so heartening. A score of bearded, weary-looking old men sat huddled in their overcoats. A few wore tattered remnants of *tallisim*. Some were reading from oilcloth-bound prayer books which, I later noted, dated from the last century. Instead of the traditional black *yamulkas*, they wore scruffy fur hats or brightly patterned Central Asian skullcaps that cost only a few rubles at any Moscow department store. They sat on wooden benches swaying

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in prayer. Occasionally a man would rise and stride up and down the aisle, voicing a series of anguished-sounding cries.

After the service I made my way downstairs. Here I was greeted with looks of unconcealed hostility. As a woman, I knew I was not welcome in the synagogue proper. As a plainly identifiable foreigner, I evidently spelled trouble for the congregation. Nevertheless I approached the rabbi, who was rocking back and forth in his pulpit under a bare light bulb. "What do you want?" he asked loudly. I said that I wanted nothing; I was a Jewish woman from New York who had brought him a present. A *tallis*. I held the package out to him. "If you are a Jewish woman from New York, you should know that you cannot carry packages on the Sabbath. Besides," his voice rose to a shout, "we want for nothing in the Soviet Union! We have everything we need in the Soviet Union. Everything, you understand, everything!"

I retreated, appalled by this demonstration of fear. Then the rabbi called me back, softly now. "Since you have brought a *tallis,* it would be absurd to take it away," he reasoned with fine Talmudic logic. "Please put it on the bench beside you and leave us alone."

EARLY IN THE EVENING of that same Sabbath I sat at my dressing table in my hotel room, putting polish on my fingernails. Thoroughly unsettled by the morning's events, I was concentrating on the evening ahead: a dinner party and dance at the British embassy. I had put on a strapless red satin dress and long, tinkling rhinestone earrings. Frank Sinatra crooned familiarly on my short-wave radio, and I hummed along with him. When a knock on the door roused me from these diversions, I hobbled to the door in my short sheath skirt, waving my hands to dry my nails.

On the threshold stood a tiny bearded old party wearing an ankle-length brown leather coat. From under his outsize black felt hat flowed luxuriant white earlocks. Standing waist-high to me in my spike heels, this astonishing person addressed me in a torrent of Yiddish. I caught one word: *tallis*. Some of my woman friends in the synagogue had evidently told him where I was staying, and he had come to plead for one of the shawls in which Orthodox Jews have for centuries wrapped themselves at the time of prayer and at the time of death. For this he had braved the cordon of militiamen and secret police around my Intourist hotel, and allowed himself to be observed by one of the floor matrons who take note of all comings and goings. And he was fated to leave the hotel empty-handed. I could not risk his being searched at the door; we might both be arrested for black-marketeering in religious articles. How would I be able to prove I had not sold him a shawl?

Yet there was nothing to do but invite the old man in. He refused to take off his coat and hat, but when I offered him some Scotch he poured

himself a glass and drank it in one shot, like vodka, sweat coursing down the creases of his face. We sat in silence for a long, excruciating moment, while my tight dress crept up above my knees. I felt utterly naked. By puritanical Soviet standards I knew I looked strictly *nekulturny*, and to this old gentleman I supposed I appeared a scarlet woman. His eyes were lowered as he repeated, in Russian, his request for a *tallis*. In answer, I pointed to the ventilator in the ceiling, where I suspected bugging apparatus might be concealed, then cupped my hands over my ears.

"Are you telling *me* this place is full of spies!" he yelled. "Don't you suppose I know all about it? What can they do to me? I'm seventy-four years old. I'm retired; I've no job to be fired from. My whole family was killed by the Germans. With a *tallis,* I can die." I fetched a piece of paper on which I fixed a rendezvous with him elsewhere. He would have a shawl, I wrote.

CONTENT with this promise, the old man wanted to chat. When I had covered my nakedness with a coat, he told me that his granddaughter would have been about my age now, had she lived. Wouldn't I like to come home with him and have a nice Jewish dinner? Gefilte fish and *tsimmes?* This very night even! I refused gently, sorrowfully, whispering that we would undoubtedly be followed. And indeed, some people were already taking an interest in our encounter. During the next half hour certain members of the hotel staff, unbidden and without knocking, entered my room with master keys. The maid exchanged one set of clean towels for another; the waiter made the same maneuver with glasses; the bellboy brought me a copy of *Evening Moscow;* the plumber, to whom I had vainly appealed for two days, appeared with a plunger and began draining the bathtub in long, sickening gurgitations.

During this last intrusion I told the old man about a western newspaperman in Moscow who uses his talents as a mimic to bemuse the hotel staff. Alone in his room, he carries on conversations with himself in a variety of accents and intonations, thus provoking frenzied forays by the personnel. The old man seemed to get the point at last. He rose and gave me a warm, reassuring smile and a not so reassuring farewell: "Don't worry, little lady," he said, "I'll come back."

He came. And so did, at my reckoning, ten others—all on the same mission. Some missed me; in the evenings when I returned to the hotel after dinner, the floor matron would often greet me with a deadpan "Another Jew was here to see you tonight." All those I met got their *tallisim* in one way or another, and then dropped out of sight. Only my first visitor was faithful. He appeared again and again at my door, usually around midnight, with gifts: a small jar of chicken fat, a bag of sugar-coated cranberries, a can of herring, and, during Passover, great boxes of hard-to-get matzos which I kept, uneaten, on the top shelf of my closet. "Why are you so thin?" he would

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scold. "Eat! Does your mother realize that you're running around all over the world by yourself, not eating enough to keep a nightingale alive?"

Friends by now, the old man and I grew philosophical about our troubles. He had been questioned by the police and then released. As for me, after his first visit I had been continually tailed by plainclothesmen in cars and on foot. Moreover, the authorities were being unusually unco-operative about granting me permission to travel or to visit places not on the Moscow tourist circuit. "*Nu,*" mused the old man, "so maybe you've entered the Pale?"

On my last night in Russia the old man came to say good-by, carrying a package somewhat larger than usual. He unwrapped it and presented me with a pair of enormous gray felt carpet slippers. "Here," he said, "when you return to New York, marry a nice Jewish boy. Make a good home for him. These slippers will be more comfortable in the kitchen than those," and he pointed at a pile of high-heeled shoes I had been packing.

I leaned over and hugged him. "*Moya dochka,* my daughter," he whispered, "I shall miss you." I felt the whole of his frail little person sobbing against me.

"But I'll come back to Russia soon," I said consolingly. "You'll see, we'll meet again."

He broke from my embrace and, throwing his head back, uttered a single aching wail. "No! No!" he shouted. Then for a moment my gentle gnome loomed before me like a formidable patriarch. "Give me your father's address," he commanded. I obeyed. "I shall write your father and tell him to forbid you to return to Russia." He strode to the door. "*Sholom aleichem,* peace be with you," he said, and without a backward look he let himself out. «»

The Small White Way

GERALD WEALES

One of the more familiar bromides about off-Broadway theater is that is has developed an economics that makes the hit-or-flop mentality as inevitable there as it has been on Broadway ever since the end of the Second World War. Occasionally an off-Broadway play can hang on long enough to build a respectable word-of-mouth reputation, but for the most part the downtown producers, like their uptown brothers, lean heavily on the verdict of the reviewers. Plays that cannot make it big decide not to make it at all and let themselves be blown away by the first critical wind. The shows with rich reviews deck themselves in glamorous quotes and plan to run forever. They have the record of *The Threepenny Opera* to shoot at; kids who were too young to go to the Brecht-Weill musical when it opened are still able to catch it when they come into New York for their college holidays.

Inevitably, off-Broadway has acquired some of the less attractive trappings of hit-consciousness. The most obvious one is a kind of snobbishness that infects its audiences. There was a time when off-Broadway playgoers were likely to be genuine theater enthusiasts, intent on seeing a play that could not be done elsewhere; this group still helps fill off-Broadway houses, but an increasing number of people turn up because it is now the thing to do. Just as the conscientious Broadway playgoer must have seen *The Best Man* and *The Tenth Man,* so his off-Broadway counterpart (often it is the same person) must have been to *The Balcony* and *Krapp's Last Tape,* on one hand, and on the other to *Leave It to Jane* and *Little Mary Sunshine.* There is an obvious difference between these two hands—between, say a revival of a 1917 Jerome Kern musical (*Leave It to Jane*) and a bitter, brothel-centered comedy about the pretensions and imperfections of man and society (*The Balcony*)—but they can be nicely homogenized under a single label: hit.

One result of the long runs that follow the good reviews and the well-placed publicity is that the playgoer can never be sure what kind of production he is going to see. The reviewers may have assured him that a particular show is sprightly and charming (*Leave It to Jane,* say) and he may get there only to find it frenetically exhausted. I saw the Kern revival months after the opening, and it looked to me rather like an average college production of a standard musical. On Broadway, too, hit shows tend to get tired and sloppy, but off-Broadway the process is likely to set in more quickly. One reason, of course, is that casts change frequently as well-reviewed actors leave for Broadway or Hollywood jobs, or take time off to rehearse for television appearances. Some productions manage to hold their own against the ravages of time and money; both *Little Mary Sunshine* and the double bill of *Krapp's Last Tape* and *The Zoo Story* have been around for more than a year, and both were looking very well when I saw them recently.

Unless there is someone around (preferably the director) to hold a show together, the result can be disastrous. *The Balcony* is a case in point. There are staunch individualists around who insist that the production of Jean Genêt's play was never very good; still, it could hardly have received any favorable critical notice if it had been as abysmal at its opening as it was when I saw it a few weeks ago. The acting was unbelievably bad; there was no evidence of intelligent direction (I am thinking particularly of an interminable conversation in which the two participants moved meaninglessly from chair to chair to chaise longue); the props and costumes were torn and dirty. A producing organization that has done as good work as the Circle in the Square and a director with José Quintero's reputation should be a little nervous about having their names associated with such a production.

As the audience streamed out of the theater in disgust, long before the play was over, minor management functionaries stood smugly smiling in the lobby, safe in their assumption that we were all little old ladies from Rye shocked by Genêt's bluntness; there was shock all right, but it had to do with pay-

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ing professional prices for an amateur production.

WITHIN the last month or so, I have made a concentrated effort to catch up on all the off-Broadway hits that I had missed and I have even seen a few plays whose status is still, as *Variety* would say, not yet determined. These productions can be divided, without too much straining, into four main groups: new plays by American authors, importations from Europe, classic revivals, and musicals.

Among the new American plays, Jack Gelber's *The Connection* is the most obvious hit. It has been running (in repertory) since mid-1959; it has been produced outside New York (Toronto, for instance, has a very good staging); a movie version has recently been completed; Evergreen has a successful paperback in print with a Kenneth Tynan introduction. It is also the current choice of those commentators who are always looking for a new American play on which to pin the we-point-with-pride medal. So much has been written about Gelber's play that there is little point in a detailed review of it this late in its run. It is enough to say that the play is best when its characters are allowed to display themselves in a realistic context, and it is weakest—where it needs to be strongest—when it tries to become analogical, to make dope addiction a metaphor for all the addictions, social and economic, that plague our society. Perhaps I should add that both times I saw it I was impressed by the first act and bored by the second, which may indicate that any playwright who tries to communicate boredom in the theater may end by imparting it.

In many ways Edward Albee's successful *The Zoo Story* is more disturbing as an indication of the way off-Broadway may affect young American playwrights. It is a simple one-acter, very reminiscent of Ionesco's *The Lesson* in its taut comedy that bursts finally into violence. It is a dialogue between two men—one a conventional middle-class family man, the other a rootless stranger—in which the outsider finally goads the conformist into killing him. Presumably the killer thus admits his animal allegiance and the killed gets both escape and a sense of connection with another human being. In the early part of the play, the situation and the lines are genuinely funny, but when the conversation carries the characters into metaphysical melodrama, the piece becomes redolent with phoniness. I do not want to undersell Albee's talent, because he has a gift for macabre comic description (the story of bribing a malevolent dog with a hamburger) and a good sense of the wryly correct line, but *The Zoo Story* ends as an essay in *avant-garde* academicism. Its popularity makes me wonder if off-Broadway may not be invaded by a raft of such plays, all conceived by bright, clever boys with nothing much to say. After all, a competent play of this sort should be easier to write than a more conventional one. Still, a play like this is much more interesting than a character sketch like Molly Kazan's *The Alligators,* which ran long enough to sell to the movies, where one hopes it will be turned into the gangster film that is implicit in every line the heroine speaks.

THE CURRENT champion among the importations is Samuel Beckett's *Krapp's Last Tape,* a gimmick play in which a single character is revealed through his reactions to his youthful self on a tape recorder. As presently played by Herbert Berghof, it is an impressive performance; but compared to the less successful *Waiting for Godot* and *Endgame,* it is pretty thin Beckett. A new contender for import honors is likely to be Bertolt Brecht's *In the Jungle of Cities,* but I will not beat the drum for it. It is a strange mixture of satire and parody which ends—at least the way it is played—in apparently serious consideration of the abstruse problems of struggle for struggle's sake. It would be good to see more Brecht translated and acted, but I was disappointed to find that *Jungle* lacked the jungle bite of some of his later plays, and I was impatient with great sections of it.

Of the recent classic revivals, the only one that I have seen is the highly touted *Hedda Gabler* at the 4th Street Theatre. Since I am an admirer of Ibsen, I hated it. Anne Meacham's characterization would be suitable for a middle-period Bette Davis movie like *The Letter,* but it makes a hash of Hedda. She sails into the character, nostrils flaring, and drags most of the cast with her, leading them in a brisk workout on the surface of a complicated play. Only Lori March, as Mrs Elvsted, presents a character that I could recognize, and she seems strangely out of place. Although my reactions ranged from annoyance to acute distress, I must admit that a number of people across the small stage from me seemed to be following the events with genuine interest. The present *Hedda Gabler,* then, gets across as old-fashioned melodrama, which is a virtue of sorts, I suppose.

THE OFF-BROADWAY musicals seem to be compounded of parody and nostalgia. *Little Mary Sunshine* makes the most of the compound; half a joke about and half a tribute to any Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald vehicle, this Rick Besoyan musical manages both to kid a period and to get some of the effects that the period pieces aimed for. Take, for example, the preposterous "Do You Ever Dream of Vienna?" An obvious parody, it is presented so simply that it manages to be a little touching; you end by laughing not at the song but at yourself for liking it. One of the virtues of *Little Mary Sunshine* is the marvelous Eileen Brennan in the title role; her Little Mary is not only sweet, inocent, and good-hearted but obviously mad as well.

Although *The Fantasticks* is not trying to be anything but itself, not trying to suggest a musical from another perod, it too is nostalgic. It makes frank demands on its audience—that it be sentimental about young love and that it embrace all the make-believe that a theater can offer. The audience, at least the night I was there, gave its assent. I know I did.

Off-Broadway, as we all know, is that part of the theatrical world where the unusual, the experimental, the difficult can find a home. I have been going in and out of that home for years, often to my pleasure and profit, but at the moment I have to admit that it is *The Fantasticks* and *Little Mary Sunshine* that make me most happily aware of the value of off-Broadway.

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Just Looking

MARYA MANNES

"MAMA," whined the little girl as the West Pointers marched by the reviewing stand in the brilliant freezing air, "Let's go home and look at television! I wanna see it on television!" And the cab driver said the day after, "I coulda seen the parade in fifteen-dollar seats, but not me, no sir, I'm for TV in a warm room with a glassa beer."

What did he miss? What did any of you miss who sat in warm rooms and saw the faces of our new government much larger and closer than we did who were there?

Obviously, you missed a cold so severe that distinguished statesmen wrapped mufflers around their chins and under their hats. It was so bitter that the crowds at the Capitol kept up a steady drumming with their feet, a low thunder, to keep them from freezing. But you missed, too, an exhilaration produced by many things: by the piercingly blue sky above the glittering white Capitol, by the snapping ripple of flags, by the sheer rigor of physical participation in a symbolic event, by the strong tension between the thousands looking and the object looked at, the young man with the thick hair and no overcoat.

What else did you miss in your warm rooms? Little things: the voice of an announcer coming out of the portable radio two seats away saying "This is a colorful crowd," and one of the onlookers saying "Yeah—red noses, yellow eyeballs, and blue hands."

And did you, when you watched Marian Anderson sing "The Star Spangled Banner" on television, notice the wife of some dignitary to her right? Smartly furred, she used the national anthem to adjust her hat and skirt and stockings and then to look for something evidently mislaid. She found it just as Miss Anderson sang what I must now remember as ". . . and the bag was still there!"

Perhaps you felt the same as we did when John F. Kennedy gave his inaugural address. But I wonder, for how can public yearning and growing elation be transmitted on the screen?

WHAT DID WE SHARE, you on television and we at the scene? We both saw the grace of Mr. Eisenhower, the overabundance of Kennedy women with all that hair, teeth, and energy, the bounce of HST, the dignity of the Supreme Court Justices. And we must have dwelt long on the face of the President's young wife, not only because of its beauty but because of a touching inwardness, a quality of serene removal that reminded me of archaic Greek or Khmer heads: a smile that had nothing public about it, that spoke of things withheld and guarded.

We may have shared, I think, an exasperation with the churchmen,

particularly with Cardinal Cushing, whose rasping pontifications brought neither light nor beauty nor meaning to this event. He had a great, a singular, a wonderful chance to help all Americans celebrate, in their first Catholic President, their liberation from prejudice, and all he could conjure up was hell's fire from the lectern. Only the Greek Orthdox invocation drew any approval.

As for the parade, you viewers, I am sure, lost nothing but the brotherhood of cold and the long walk from the Capitol to the reviewing stands; one way, indeed, of restoring circulation in icy feet. You probably saw the President's stand and its occupants much better than we did, and the expressions on the faces of the high officials as they drove in their open cars. But if you noticed the deputy marshal of the parade, William Walton, you may not have shared my affectionate amusement at seeing a painter, writer, and friend, in that exalted position, and watching him doff his silk hat from his prize fighter's head with all the elegance of an old political hand. It was a big day for the arts.

It was not a big day for Robert Kennedy's public relations: from where I sat, his perch on the back of his car was viewed with distaste. The new Attorney General was not, after all, on a float nor riding a buffalo.

As for the five inaugural balls, you in your living rooms were far better off than I with my tickets, for incredible traffic snarls kept me from reaching the Armory, and one late look at the Statler ball aroused such undemocratic emotions that I took my leave. From what my many informants told me, it seemed clear that style, elegance, and dignity were notably lacking in all these events, that there was little dancing anywhere, and that at the Armory the packed thousands merely stood and stared at the President and his wife like mesmerized cattle. Many, to be sure, enjoyed themselves in these crowded hours of triumph, where famous faces appeared at their side, old friends collided, and new dresses were worn with the illusion that others noticed them.

But I suspect that the real Democratic jubilees took place Saturday in private houses. The theme of one amiable rout, a costume party on the Potomac above Chain Bridge, was New Frontiers, blithely ignored by pretty women who did not want to look funny and by men who did not try, but indulged by an equal number who adorned themselves with signs, gags, and symbols, or simply wore rugged pioneer clothes highly suitable to the outside weather. One

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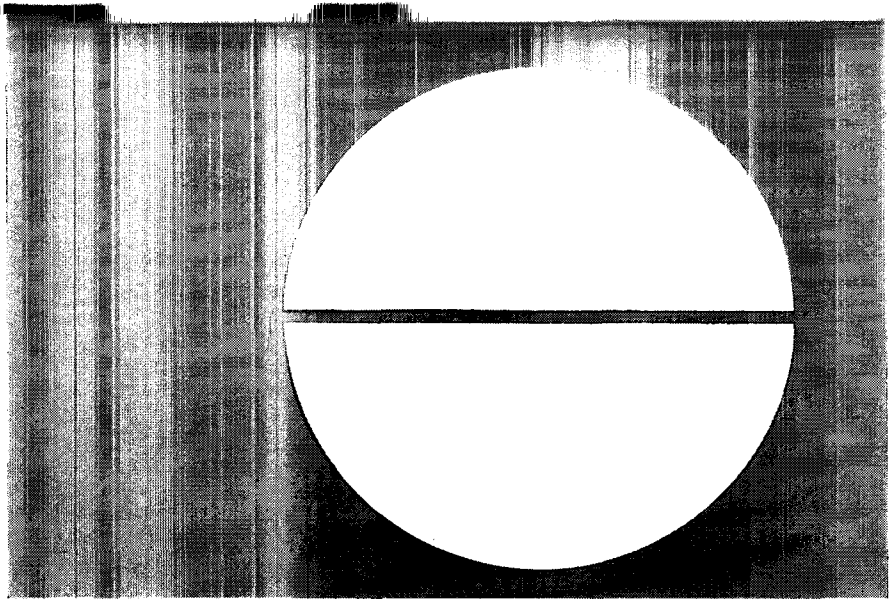

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couple, chained together, were identified as Old Age Care and Social Security, and one charming woman hid herself behind an impenetrable Eastern garment, face and all, with a sign saying "Uncommitted" pinned on the back. One girl wore long black net tights and no sign, and John Kenneth Galbraith came in kilts. Adlai Stevenson and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Senator Joseph Clark, and Secretary of the Interior Udall and Paul Nitze came as themselves. The major frontiers to be crossed were the rooms themselves: the human traffic jam was monumental. As for the barriers to communication, the din was so great that the volume needed to transcend it piled up the decibels as they strained the cords of the neck. But there was real gaiety here, a sense of release after protracted effort, a feeling that this might constitute the last real foolish fun for quite a while.

WHAT DID THEY SAY, what did they scream about to each other as they stood or pushed or danced or sat or drank? The small things that all people say to each other in crowded rooms after two drinks, but beyond that a pattern of reactions to the great events that repeated itself again and again:

The Kennedy who spoke the inaugural address sounded different from the Kennedy of the campaign, and it was not merely the result of speech training. This man was no longer an Irish Catholic from Boston, a Harvard man, a former Massachusetts senator. "You know," said one young congressman, "he has managed to move himself beyond his origins. He belongs to none of them now. He is apart."

The lack of communication between the President and his wife was noted by all. It may have been the reserve of two people who are unwilling to reveal their feelings in public, but nothing, however slight, seemed to pass between them during those long public hours together. Yet all took note of Kennedy's warm gesture to Robert Frost after the halted reading: it touched and reassured them.

There was general pleasure, too, in the presence of so many men and women of arts and letters at the "coronation": faces like Arthur Miller's and John Hersey's and William Zorach's had not been Washington familiars; even less so, avant-gardists like Franz Kline and Mark Rothko. Perhaps at last, the feeling went, the arts of government and human expression need not be divorced.

ALL THIS, of course, could not reach your television screen. Nor could the much wider atmosphere of the nation's capital, where you could feel—as if it were an actual substance—the sense of change, of hope, of new commitment. "Maybe now," said the driver who took me to the airport, "we'll get somewhere." «»

RECORD NOTES

MOZART: DON GIOVANNI. Birgit Nilsson, Leontyne Price, Eugenia Ratti, Cesare Valletti, Fernando Corena, Cesare Siepi, *et al.;* Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and State Opera Chorus, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. (*RCA Victor, 4 records; mono or stereo.*)

Don Giovanni invites superlatives. It has occasioned more rhapsodic praise from a greater variety of encomiasts than any other piece of musical literature. The extravagances continue, and nowadays we pay homage by amassing recordings of the opera. To slake the current thirst, three new recorded versions—all of them available in stereophonic sound—have appeared within the past twelve months.

Each of the new recordings is a product of evident devotion. If the RCA Victor album with the participants noted above seems the most satisfying of the three, it by no means eclipses its rivals. The version of *Don Giovanni* published by Deutsche Grammophon, for instance, is worth attention for its powerfully characterized reading of the title role by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, a singer more customarily associated with lieder than with operas. Fischer-Dieskau articulates Italian with crisp gusto, phrases the music with his usual care and elegance, and so colors his voice and shapes his inflections that the rich complexity of Don Giovanni—his charm and his brutality, his sense of life as a huge joke, his proud indifference to danger—is revealed with superb vigor. This Deutsche Grammophon recording also boasts a superior Donna Anna. The soprano Sena Jurinac not only negotiates Anna's treacherous arias with commendable accuracy but manages also to persuade us of the warm passion that smolders beneath the lady's icy outrage. Unfortunately, these two performances are surrounded by others of lesser distinction, and the production as a whole—including the conducting of Ferenc Fricsay—seems just a bit lacking in grace.

The *Don Giovanni* put out by Angel Records has grace aplenty. It is conducted by an Italian, Carlo Maria Giulini, with zest and suavity, and in Elisabeth Schwarzkopf it has by all odds the most artful Donna Elvira on records. The Leporello of Giuseppe Taddei is as good as any and the Commendatore of Gottlob Frick better than most. Joan Sutherland's Donna Anna is variable—sparkling in the coloratura of "Non mi dir," rather too limp in the *hochdramatisch* recitatives. The Don Giovanni, Eberhard Wächter, possesses a supple baritone voice (his serenade, "Deh vieni alla finestra," is a delight) and he has a good sense of Mozartian style, but he commands neither the vocal weight nor the interpretative authority to build Don Giovanni into an imposing figure. At the crucial moments he sounds ineffectual, and this will not do. Angel's stereo pressings are unduly afflicted with end-of-side distortion, and the resultant muddy sound does no service to Mozart's limpid scoring.

Which leaves the RCA Victor version well in the lead. It is not a performance of dazzling creative originality, but the level of musical accomplishment is uniformly high

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and the engineering is impeccable. It is a pleasure just to experience the sound of this recording—the sensitively adjusted balance of voice and orchestra in "Batti, batti," for example, or the astonishing panoramic clarity of the complex Act I finale. A good many stage effects have been introduced by the recording director, perhaps too many. I could have done with less chatter from the peasant girls in the first act and with less clatter from the supper dishes in the second, but the stereoized entrances and exits and the well-dispersed ensembles are very much to the point.

The singers, as indicated, are all first-rate, though not always without blemish. Siepi's portrayal of the Don is, as usual with him, rather gruff in voice but splendidly dashing and aristocratic in spirit. Valletti makes a fine Ottavio (almost the equal of Koloman von Pataky in the prewar Glyndebourne set) and Eugenia Ratti an appealingly lusty and unsoubrettish Zerlina. Birgit Nilsson is expectedly stolid as Donna Anna, but her high notes fly forth with such thrust and power that one forgives the maladroit characterization and the uneasy roulades. Leontyne Price is thoroughly competent without effacing memories of Schwarzkopf (or, for that matter, Lisa della Casa), and the Vienna Philharmonic plays with its accustomed high polish under Leinsdorf's knowledgeable baton.

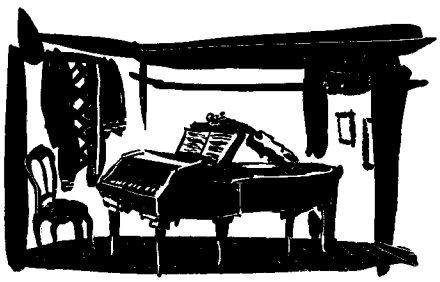
Perhaps an ideal *Don Giovanni* could have been achieved by combining the finest elements of these three new recordings and entrusting the direction to a more individual conductor than either Fricsay, Giulini, or Leinsdorf. Or perhaps not. One suspects that an ideal *Don Giovanni* exists only in the mind's ear. At all events, until one comes along the RCA Victor version is as good a simulacrum as we are likely to be offered.

TITO SCHIPA RECITAL. **Tito Schipa, tenor.** (*Angel; mono only.*)

So many tenors are billed today as "like Tito Schipa" that it is good to have a reminder of the real thing. This compilation of recordings from the period 1929-1939 demonstrates that nobody except Schipa was like Schipa. With all due respect to Signori Valletti, Monti, Alva & Cia., he was literally incomparable. Schipa was more than a tenor with the proper musical instincts and a pleasant small-scaled voice. He was an artist, a re-creator, a singer who—like Chaliapin and Muzio—left the world of music a different place from what he had found it. Much of his finest work is on this LP—the Scarlatti songs, the "Una furtiva" and "Che farò," the "Cherry Duet" from *L'Amico Fritz*—and it all sounds as enchanting as ever. The record is basic to any collection of great singing.

VERDI: REQUIEM. **Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Jussi Bjoerling, Giorgio Tozzi; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus, Fritz Reiner, cond.** (*RCA Victor, 2 records; mono or stereo.*)

Although RCA Victor has in its catalogue a classic rendition of the Verdi Requiem conducted by Arturo Toscanini, it is not in stereo. This new one conducted by Fritz Reiner is. But that and the aristocratic singing



of Jussi Bjoerling (in what turned out to be his last recorded performance) are its sole points of superiority. All else remains on a lower plane. Reiner's approach is controlled and devotional, Toscanini's elemental and apocalyptic; or, to put it more succinctly, Reiner's is dull and Toscanini's gripping. Even the stereo sound—rather distant and occasionally muddied—cannot be given high praise, though it is certainly more resonant and full-bodied than the reproduction of Toscanini's 1951 broadcast.

The new set is accorded the posh packaging which RCA apparently now considers *de rigueur* for religious choral music—linen slipcase, leather spine, gold tooling, and a plenitude of Old Masters to relieve the tedium of annotations.

—ROLAND GELATT

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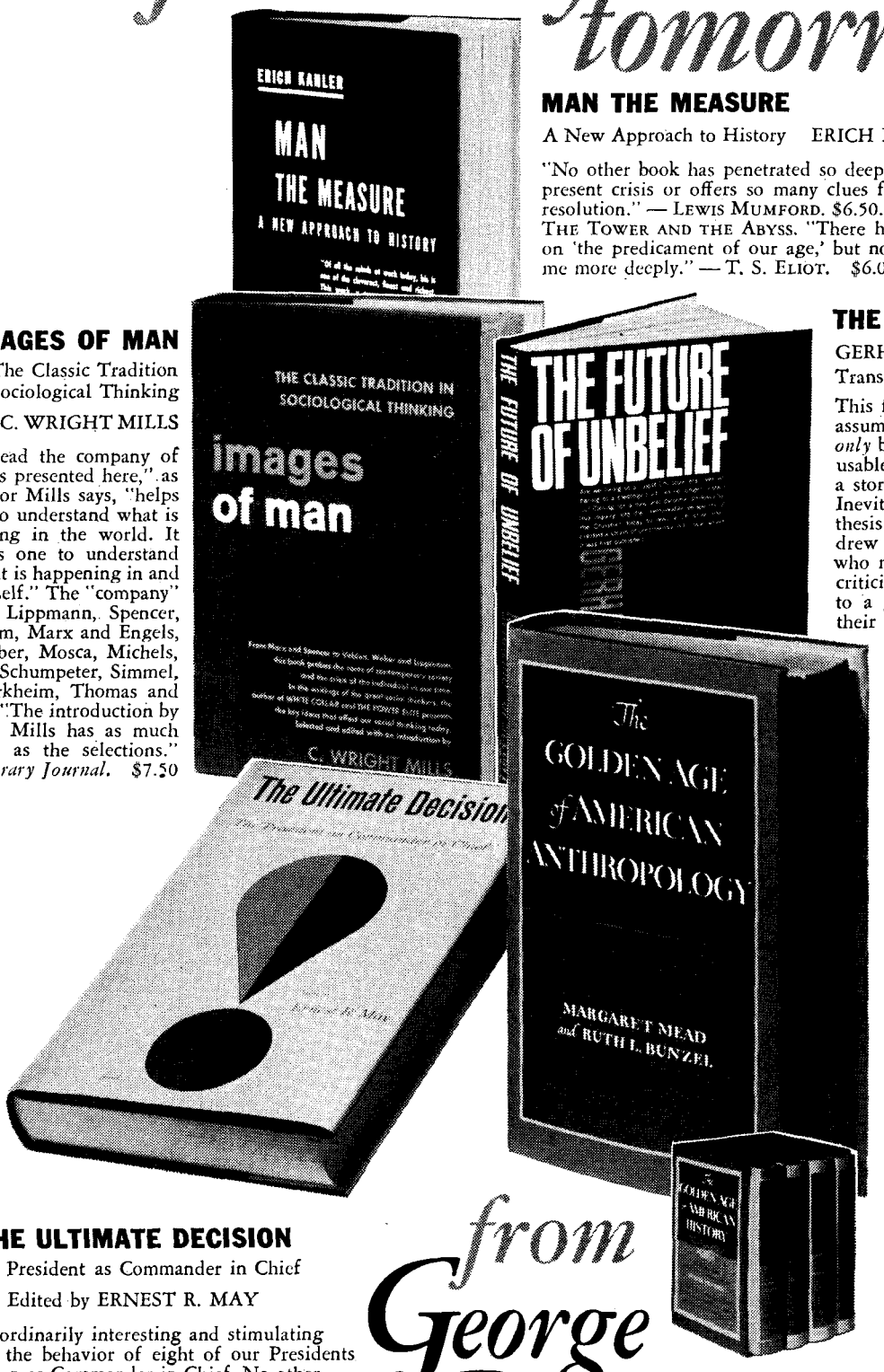

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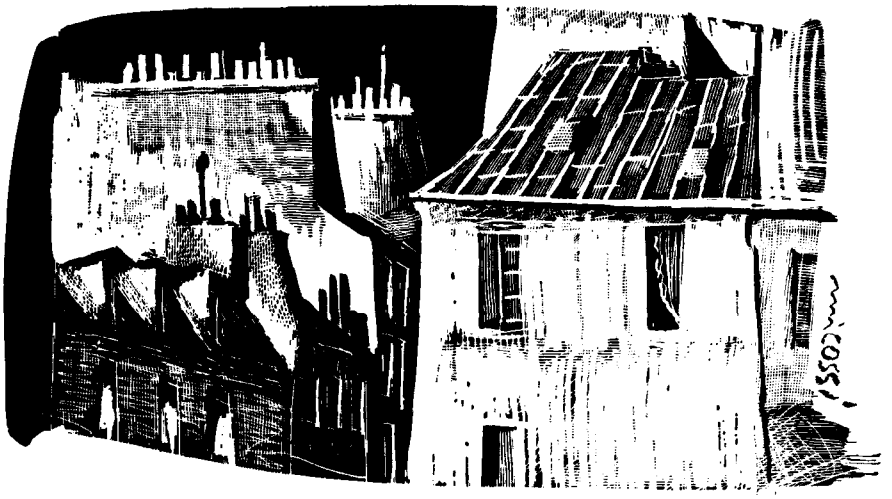

BOOKS

A Condemned Man

ALFRED KAZIN

RESISTANCE, REBELLION, AND DEATH, by Albert Camus. Translated by Justin O'Brien. *Knopf. $4.*

This selection of essays, editorials, and manifestoes, made by Camus himself, represents in an oddly tragic way his last word. I don't mean that the selections are all from his last period—the book opens on his wartime editorials from the underground paper *Combat* and with his well-known "Letters to a German Friend"; no doubt there will be other books by him. But what the present selection conveys most of all is the last stand that Camus took on a whole variety of political and generally contemporary subjects that, like Algeria, divided him from others and from himself.

Often enough it is not the stand that he made but his attempt to fix a position in moral terms alone that makes the book dispiriting. It brings home the side of Camus's literary character that underlay the artist—and that outlasted the artist.

In the last years of his life Camus was at odds with both sides in Algeria, with Sartre, with the apologists of Soviet totalitarianism. Even his silences were recognized as evidence of his struggle with himself. As a child of the French working class in Algeria, he could sympathize neither with the Algerian nationalists nor with the reactionary *colons;* and long before the Algerian crisis had reached its present intensity, Camus had been involved in polemics arising from his criticisms in *The Rebel* (*L'Homme Révolté*) of the French revolutionary tradition. He was inevitably the victim of many malicious literary attacks after the Nobel Prize award in 1957. In addition to the independent, wholly moral "third force" position he took on so many political issues dividing French opinion, he talked of a moral "renaissance" vaguely based on solitary inspiration like his own.

Intellectual polemic is, of course, more familiar in France among imaginative writers than it is in this country—where a Hemingway derides a Melville for caring about ideas. In itself, there was nothing unusual about the fact that during the war Camus wrote his first novel, *The Stranger,* along with many noble editorials for *Combat;* after the war, the author of *The Plague* also wrote editorials commemorating the Spanish Republic, pleading for an end to capital punishment, denouncing Eastern Europe's "socialism of the gallows." But step by step he became almost wholly a moralist, a definer and upholder of *formal* values.

Looking back on his work as a whole, one can see that even his fic-

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tion consists of short moral anecdotes. The extraordinary success of his first *"récit"* and most unqualified artistic success, *The Stranger,* surely rests not on the kind of powerfully sufficient image of life that is the imaginative artist's challenge and delight, but rather on an explicit idea of life. *The Stranger,* in itself Camus's one "nihilist" work of fiction (and succeeded by the anti-nihilistic *The Plague*), owes its great popularity to the fact that it speaks for widespread feelings of alienation from social cant. Vivid and acridly ironic as many details in the book are, the hero of *The Stranger* represents the bitterness of the early Camus rather than the bewildered and self-pitying clerk that Meursault is supposed to be. The beautiful last pages, in which the condemned man welcomes death as freedom, can only be read as Camus's own austere philosophical testament. The very titles of his books—*The Stranger, The Rebel, The Fall*—denote stages in one man's struggle for moral clarity, while the curt simplicity and tense balances of his style represent, in fact, that need to embody a position, to fix a value, which is typical of those for whom a moral, once defined, is a lesson to be followed. It is typical of Camus, who I think did not read English, that he was instinctively drawn to Emerson, the author of so many moral "gems" and epigrammatic conclusions about life, and that he was always quoting Emerson's admirer Nietzsche, whose writing is probably the most brilliant example of this genre that we have had in modern times.

The moralist is always one who tries to prescribe for life, for whom man has a destiny that he can put into words. The background of Camus's concern with this is significant: it is his awareness of death, of war, of the afflictions rained on our generation by totalitarianism. All the finest essays in this book, like the famous wartime editorials on man's duty to the spirit of life, the lament for a poet-friend shot by the Germans, the magnificent attack on capital punishment, the rage against Kadar and his hangmen—all these reflect the writer who was one year old when his father was killed at the Marne, who from a very early age saw the human violence as well as the nat-

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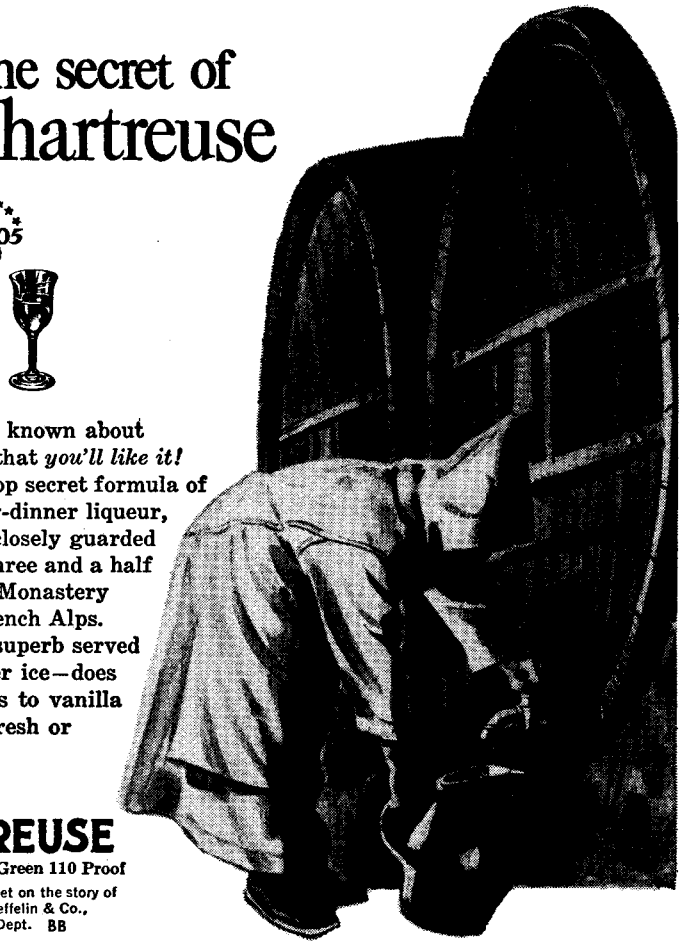

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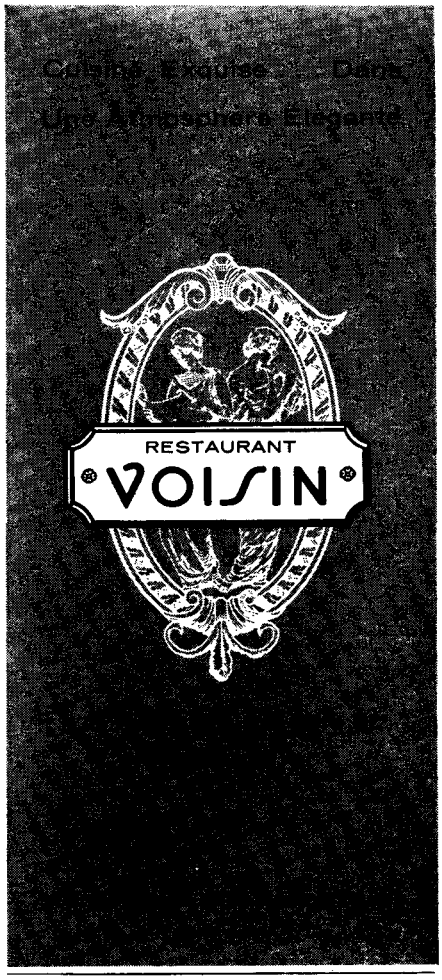

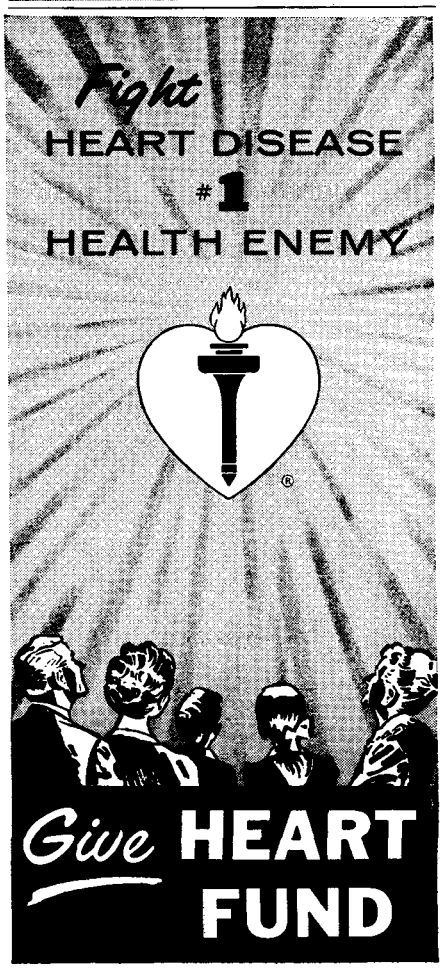

ural beauty in North Africa, who thought that he would himself die young of tuberculosis, whose most famous story describes the senseless killing of a native by a "Stranger" who at the end of the book awaits his own death. All his life Camus felt himself surrounded by death—his death and that of a whole generation. As he said so movingly in his debate with left-wing intellectuals, each of us today can expect some day to be condemned to death for political reasons, "whereas that eventuality would have seemed ridiculous at the beginning of the century." Camus was aware of death at home, death in the verminous hovels of Algeria and on the beaches, death in Spain during the Civil War, death in France itself from the Nazis, death in Poland, Hungary, East Germany. At the end of his life, when he was so exhausted and driven by the effort to be "reasonable" on Algeria (for him hardly an "objective," political question), he wrote hopelessly, like a man engulfed by the unreasonableness of politics. Finally it was Algeria itself, with all its memories for him, that he might also have to lose. It hardly needs to be emphasized that the violent death that Camus anticipated all his life, the death that seemed to glare out at him from every political crisis of his time, finally did find him—in an automobile accident as violent and yet as "absurd," as typical of man's uncontrol over his mechanical creations, as any of the larger defeats that Camus brooded over in our era.

ALBERT CAMUS wrote like a condemned man. To me, it is this desperate emphasis on the value of life that is the key to his moral urgency. In his best essay, the one against capital punishment, he felt no complication in his way; he had nothing to plead for but life itself. The key images in all his best books are of "strangeness," death, violence to the human person. Like his adored Dostoevsky, he was haunted by the scaffold. And like all people who feel themselves condemned, who look to a new teaching to lead them back into life, Camus, with his shattering background in working-class poverty and family misfortunes, in political defeat and intellectual isolation, came to identify life with certain values alone. It was this that made him, even when he became world-famous, preach before non-Communist workmen on the "union of labor and culture"; he could not bear to divorce himself from the experience in which he had first come to his values. The more genuinely philosophical radicals like Sartre, now implacably opposed to Camus's "soft" principles, seemed to isolate Camus from the class he came from, the more Camus, in calling attention to Soviet totalitarianism, tried to create a "moral" solidarity. The more he fell away from fashionable left-wing ideologies, the more he had to explicate and to reason and to prove what his own particular values were. The life that Camus had so painfully grasped from death he had to reestablish as absolute clarity about life.

This clarity is the great value of Camus's essays—as, indeed, it is the great thing about the ending of *The Stranger* and of key passages in his plays, novels, and essays. It is the quality of the man who has set his teeth, as it were, in the face of the absurdity that overhangs life in the shape of death. It is the "Spanish" quality (his mother was Spanish) of grace under pressure. It is the style of the man who has set his focus on what is possible, on the portion that belongs to man, on man's consciousness of himself, and on man's duty to himself. Although Camus was careful to declare himself in principle an atheist, he rejected even the fashionable term "humanism" for his personal philosophy. It is this grim wariness at the expense of every illusion but hope itself that gives Camus's essays the fundamental quality of French moralism—which is to recognize a limit, to define a need, to posit some small specific hope. Clarity of this kind is clarity won for oneself and out of oneself, the clarity that helps one to live. This is seen in the terse, true exactness of many passages in these essays. Camus, in his wartime "Letters to a German Friend," speaks of them as "a document emerging from the struggle against violence." Of the new French militancy in the Resistance, he says, "In order to face up to you, we had first to be at death's door." And shrewdly, to his friend turned German nationalist: "What

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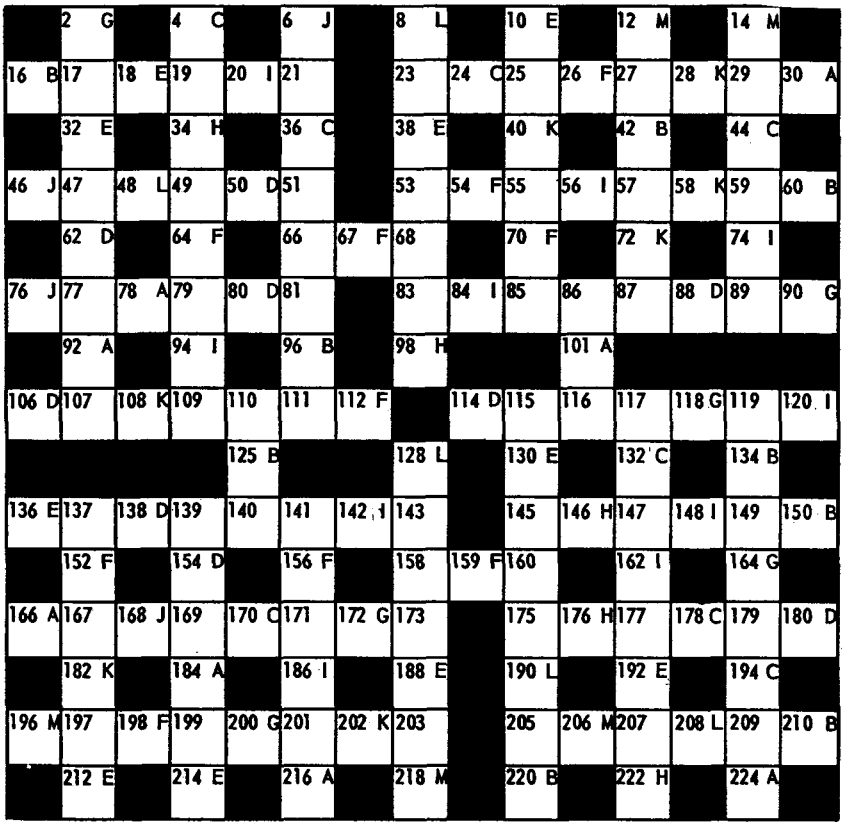
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 26

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.



224 78 184 92 166 101 30 216
Clips out extracts from the papers.

B
220 125 210 16 60 96 134 42 150
"That's the wise thrush; he sings each song _____." Browning, "Home Thoughts from the Sea." (5,4)

C
170 24 194 44 4 36 132 178
Deviating from ordinary rule or type; abnormal; monstrous.

D
114 106 62 80 50 154 88 138 180
Indian tribe located at Green Bay, Wisconsin and northeast Nebraska.

E
136 38 10 188 18 130 32 214 212 192
A scheme of charge or taxation.

F
54 70 67 26 156 64 112 198 159 152
"To give _____ to her lover,/And wring his bosom--is to die." Goldsmith, "The Vicar of Wakefield."

G
2 164 200 90 118 172
"An' in convartin' public _____ To very privit uses." Lowell, "The Biglow Papers"

H
34 146 176 98 222 Full of fat.

I
142 94 20 186 162 148 74 120 84 56
Uncountable.

J
46 168 6 76 Connecticut Senator.

K
182 40 28 72 108 58 202
State of the Acrostician.

L
190 208 48 8 128
"Then _____ were fairly portioned;/Then spoils were fairly sold." Macaulay, "Horatius."

M
196 206 12 14 218
Steers or sails near the wind.

Across

16. So Cain is in a gambling house?
23. Acrostician' bailiwick.
46. Find a pennyweight in deer.
53. Belief in a small table for eucharistic elements.
66. The spring in father's padlock.
76. Ted's about with a can inside. Pour him out.
83. Reds rate recalled veterans. (Military slang tires some people.)
106. It takes poise to handle a radioactive element.
114. Did Noah write the White Divel, too?
136. Did you know that some of Jason's men are gone? Out, I hear.
145. Rounding a crab with me.
158. Scottish exclamation heard in Loch Lomond.
166. Lends smoke not of France to a Russian city.
175. "I roast a French nobleman," said Mme. DeFarge.
196. Ruling the French by the tongue.
205. Air our curare.

Down

2. "So be it," Tess holds to be insipidity.
4. Martial says it precedes triumphant when it pertains to church.
6. Portal safeguard prods too (4,4)
8. Did hold wrecked cars? Throw them away.
10. Tree in this in short gives this whole.
12. Congeal a wall decoration, I hear.
14. Compelled Fred and Company.
86. Swipe a trombone? No, not me!
110. Browning held it to be true.
115. Did the host lace the small onion?
117. A musty rim can be a method of diplomacy.
119. The rover set his outward muscles.
128. Firemen find that rest's okay.
137. The marine will stay.
139. Glib in Old English? Shortly do a favor.
141. The classical moon's up in the north and south so it cancels.

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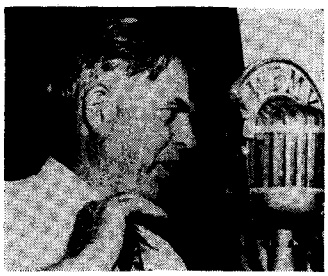

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is spirit? We know its contrary, which is murder. What is man? There I stop you, for we know. Man is that force which ultimately cancels all tyrants and gods. He is the force of evidence. . . . Man must . . . create happiness in order to protest against the universe of unhappiness."

Camus's essays are full of aphorisms, and they make one wonder if the truest monument to Camus would not be one of those collections, such as has been made from Proust, which convey the French *moraliste's* sense of fact. "Nothing is given to men, and the little they can conquer is paid for with unjust deaths." Speaking at a Dominican monastery: "If Christianity is pessimistic as to man, it is optimistic as to human destiny. Well, I can say that, pessimistic as to human destiny, I am optimistic as to man."

Yet precisely because this is such arduous knowledge and has been won with such desperate honesty, because it is so grimly self-created and forever self-conscious, because it is so unsure of everything but what man can discover moment by moment, it is somehow without avail. It is rhetorical. The only thing you can do with a principle, in this kind of writing, is to repeat it. And Camus does, in lecture after lecture, in interview after interview. The liberty, ease, and joy—of either a great belief or a great imaginative talent—are denied him. We are left with the impression of a painful sincerity and of a nobility that expresses itself only in definitions, not in the activity of imagination. The secret of conquering a greater world than himself is not known to him.

I read these essays with constant agreement and respect and yet with pity, for Camus's life was harder than even he thought it was. Camus thought that truth will live for man if only he defines it closely and truly enough. But truth is never something that man controls. And the very closeness with which Camus tried so hard to condense the truth is one of the most poignant things about his life. There was a fundamental distrust that he could not conquer, a space that he could not entirely cross—the imaginative liberty for this was not granted to him. He hugged life close, as he hugged his style close. And so the felicity and brilliance of these essays remind one all too sadly of the world that has to be conquered with each sentence—but which, with each sentence accomplished, is as quickly lost.

The Lyre And the Pen

GEORGE STEINER

THE UNTUNING OF THE SKY, by John Hollander. *Princeton. $8.50.*

There is hardly a writer in whom there is not some jealousy of music. Music can accomplish certain things that language strives for without ever quite succeeding. It can conjure up mood and atmosphere in an instant. It can generate simultaneously different and even contradictory impressions and meanings; what the poet aims at laboriously when he tries to suggest a plurality of feeling, through pun, ambiguity, or paradox, the musician can achieve at once through polyphony. When music is performed, its audience is intimately a part of the act of creation; but in literature, the reader or theatrical spectator is always an outsider. The poet sings to him, not with him.

Above all, music seems to offer the composer a miracle of constant renewal, whereas language, even in the hands of a master, bears upon it the stamp of long historical usage. Mallarmé and Ezra Pound, two of the modern poets most steeped in music, declared that it is the prime task of a great writer "to make words new." But this is immensely difficult. Being the current coin of life, words depreciate. The musical sound, which is by definition subject to limitless manipulation and variance, can be a totally new idiom to each composer. Indeed, Schönberg did what no writer, not even a James Joyce, could possibly hope to do: he invented a new alphabet.

The very image and emblems of poetry betray the persistent nostalgia for music. When we identify the act of poetry with Orpheus, when we depict the poet and the poet's Muse

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holding a lyre (not a pen!), when we divide epics into "songs" and "cantos," when we speak of the "harmony," "cadence," or "voice" of a literary style—in each instance we pay unconscious tribute to the role of music in the self-awareness, in the mirror image, of literature. So does T. S. Eliot when he entitles his most solemn poetry *Four Quartets,* or Joyce, with more ribaldry, when he calls his short poems *Chamber Music.* In fact, a lyric poem could be defined as a text in search of music as yet uncomposed.

Thus when poetry speaks of and about music, it is speaking, in a complex and often uneasy way, about itself. A poem about the nature or performance of music is a kind of inward dialogue. What John Hollander has set out to do in this massive, difficult, yet fascinating book is to record and examine this inward dialogue in English poetry in the period of the Renaissance and the baroque. So far as English is considered, 1500-1700 is the decisive period, for in it English poetry and English music achieved their richest coexistence. After that, the two voices of the imagination draw apart.

But Mr. Hollander, who is himself both poet and musicologist, begins much earlier. He explores the twilit regions of late antiquity and the early Middle Ages in order to show how Greek theories and practices of music were transmitted through Roman and medieval hands. Neoplatonized commentaries on Macrobius, Cicero's scale of seven tones, Judaeo-Arabic modal systems, and the problem of how King Alfred rendered Boethius are matters of sufficient perplexity. They are made no less forbidding by Mr. Hollander's style, which reads at times like a malicious translation of some Prussian musicologist, by his Carlylean predilection for capital letters, and by his decision to quote all texts in their most archaic and scholarly version.

Still, the reader should persevere. For it is in these opening sections that Mr. Hollander explains a distinction which dominates musical-poetic thought from the time of Chaucer to that of Dryden. It is the distinction between *musica speculativa* and practical music. "Speculative music" is an entrancing domain: it deals with numerology, with the attempt to discover concordances between the proportions of the universe and the divisions of the scale; it includes lore concerning the fabled effects of music on beasts and men, ancient doctrines of the power of music to madden or heal; above all, it concerns itself with the "music of the spheres," the notion still vital in Kepler, that the planets produce musical sounds concordant with the mathematics of their motion and distance ("intervals") from the sun. It is the physiological lore of *musica speculativa,* not some vague metaphor of harmony, that makes Shakespeare assert that he "that hath no music in himself . . . Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

Practical music, in contrast, deals with instruments, techniques of singing, improvements in notation, and most of what is included in the modern definition of musical theory. Mr. Hollander traces poetic accounts of the performance of music from the Old English *Phoenix* (ninth century) to the close of the seventeenth century. With massive erudition, he demonstrates that many a literary conceit thought to be fantastical or vague describes some technical musical usage. For example, he shows

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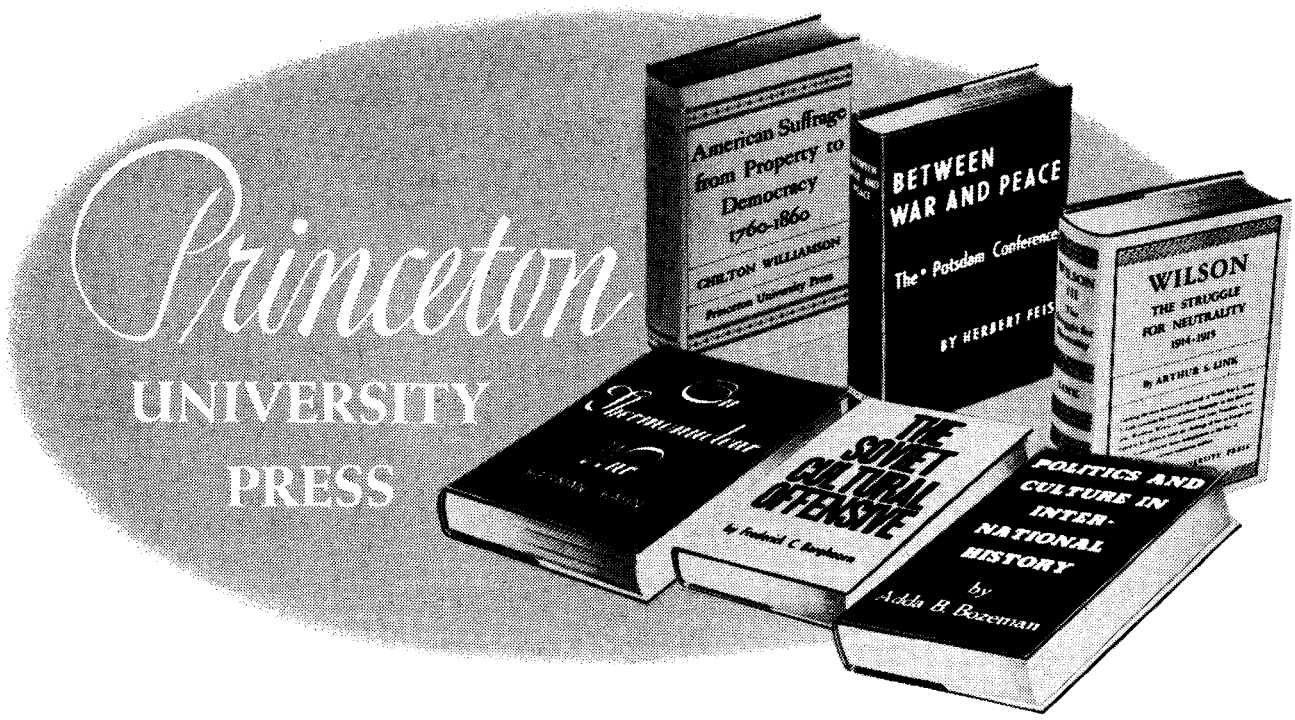

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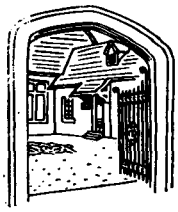

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how the musical allusion in Donne's "Second Anniversary"—

Think thyself labouring now with broken breath,
And think those broken and soft notes to be
Division, and thy happiest harmony—

depends on an exact knowledge of technical terms: "Breaking," in seventeenth-century music, is the process of figuration, of elaboration of the line of a particular melody with rapid figures and passages; sets of figures, variations improvised on a particular melody, were called "divisions." The broken, strained breathing, even the death rattle itself, is turned, because it announces the blessed state of death, into "division," sweet music. And behind the entire conceit lies the ancient image of the human body as a viol upon which the soul plays.

Applied to the use of musical terms and metaphors in Shakespeare, Donne, Marvell, and Milton, Mr. Hollander's knowledge of *musica speculativa* and practical music yields brilliant insights. No one before him had seen the full coherence and virtuosity of Dryden's cantatas, the "Song for St. Cecelia's Day," and "Alexander's Feast."

Coleridge would have savored this book. It is like a rich, faintly exotic banquet. One feels churlish, therefore, in asking for more. Yet I wished that Mr. Hollander had broached what seems to me a vital and puzzling question: Why has the English language drifted away from music? What happened after 1700 to disrupt the intimate alliance between verse and song that made possible the glory of the Elizabethan lyric and the splendor of English seventeenth-century vocal writing? Why the long, gray gap between Purcell and Benjamin Britten? There have scarcely been any English lieder in modern times, and until recently the thought of opera in English seemed somehow illicit. Why?

Perhaps Puritanism was at fault. Perhaps the language rhythms that molded modern English—iambic pentameter, the prose of the Authorized Version and of the Augustans—proved intractable to music. I don't know. But I should like to hear Mr. Hollander's guess. And if this means another book, all the better!

To Magdalen And Back

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

SUMMONED BY BELLS, by John Betjeman. *Houghton Mifflin. $3.*

In blank and occasionally in rhymed verse, here is a generally pleasant, although in one passage a tortured, essay in nostalgia: the poet's life from childhood to the year when he failed his finals at Oxford and was "sent down," to become, mercifully not for too long, "A prep-school master teaching Games,/Maths, French, Divinity./Harsh hand-bells harried me from sleep/For thirty pounds a term and keep."

A measurable part of the pleasure an American takes in this account comes from its Englishness. Here are the strange and cruel rites, "fagging and basketing," of the British public school, and at once the American reader halts to speculate: fagging is described by angry British authors, or defended by the sterner type, as a general practice in British schools; but is the ultimate disgrace of being strung up in a basket and having ink and treacle poured on one's head peculiar to Betjeman's Marlborough? Here are the Oxford cliques and the clubs and the dons sipping vintage port by candlelight and ". . . my friend Auden and the clever men,/Running like mad to miss the upper ten/Who burst from 'Peck' in Bullingdonian brawl,/Jostling some pale-faced victim, you or me." Upper ten? Peck and Bullingdonian? Here are refined ecclesiastical subtleties: "Those were the days when that divine baroque/Transformed our English altars and our ways./Fiddle-back chasuble in mid-Lent pink/Scandalized Rome and Protestants alike. . . . High Mass in Pusey House . . ." After all the years since Newman, is Oxford still in the Oxford Movement?

The American's puzzlement while reading such passages, his queries, his being driven back to search his memory of other books (Who were the Tractarians? In architecture, what would be the French Gothic

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equivalent to E.E. and Dec. and Perp.? What was that "thin volume of Lowes Dickinson" the author read?)—all such activity stimulates and amuses the American imagination. The American feels once again as he felt when first he attempted some book in French, some verse in Italian: the foreign sound, the dictionary itself, added to his delight. A fact, however, that should in no way detract from the American reader's sense of pleasant achievement in penetrating some of the more private Oxford and class references in Betjeman's poem is that the same difficulties face, the same rewards await, a vast number of Britons—all, in fact, who have not been born within the Establishment or found their way into it later in life.

JOHN BETJEMAN belongs among the latter: his father was the head of a long-established and higly esteemed firm of cabinetmakers. Fourth-generation John, scheduled to succeed him, refused and went his way to fame. With all due respect to the arts, there is always something painful in seeing a chain of honest human endeavor broken, artisan virtues, simpler duties abandoned, and parents inevitably estranged. It is John Betjeman's hurt at what his gifts led him to do—disappoint his father, let the craftsmen down who depended on him to continue the firm—that furnishes the deeper emotion that pervades the poem. Nothing else could have given it the strength it has. Not his love for the countryside, or for the Cornwall beaches, or for the London streets, or for the lonely churches he discovered bicycling with friends ("I clicked my Sturmey-Archer gear/and pedalled till I nearly burst . . ."), or for the prints and books he bought, or for the early motor cars ("The Talbot-Darracq, with its leather seats"), or for the first friends he made, or for the first girl, or even for the Anglican faith he "learned at Pusey House." It was his feeling of loss—he has the courage to say of guilt—that brings dark clouds over the gentle lawns, a lament to the feast of companionship and wit.

That is why a most cruel scene finds its way into John Betjeman's light and graceful verse. The author's mother sits in a garden chair awaiting her husband, who is motoring down (in an Arrol-Johnston) from London. She complains about impacted teeth and she daydreams; she is reading a cheap novel, "The one from Boots's with the marker in," and she sees herself as its heroine. "Who are those vulgar people on the links?" she asks. "Coo—ee!" She calls for tea; she gives instructions: "Put the potatoes on to boil in time:/You know he's very angry if they're hard./And put some water in his dressing-room—/The white enamel jug below the stairs—/You know he's very angry if there's none./And put the drinks out on the silver tray." She is vulgar and pitiful—and her son, remembering that "The love for her that waited underneath/I kept in check . . . ," knows that he betrayed her along with his dear, deaf, stubborn and faithful father. A heavy price for a man of good heart to pay for even the finest carefree verse. But then, one has no choice.

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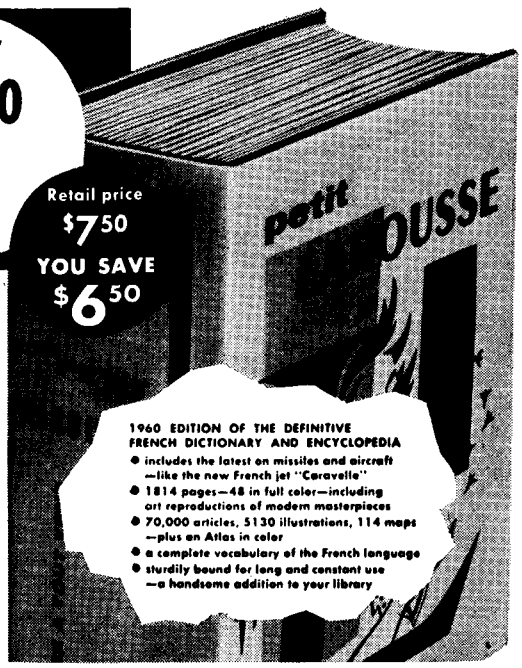

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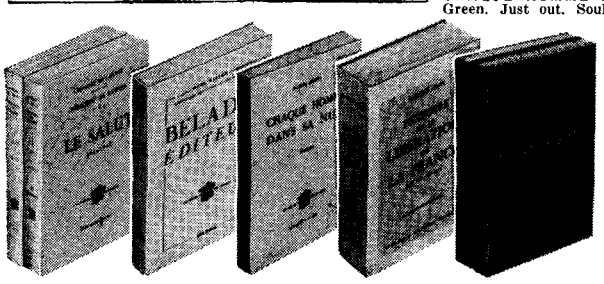

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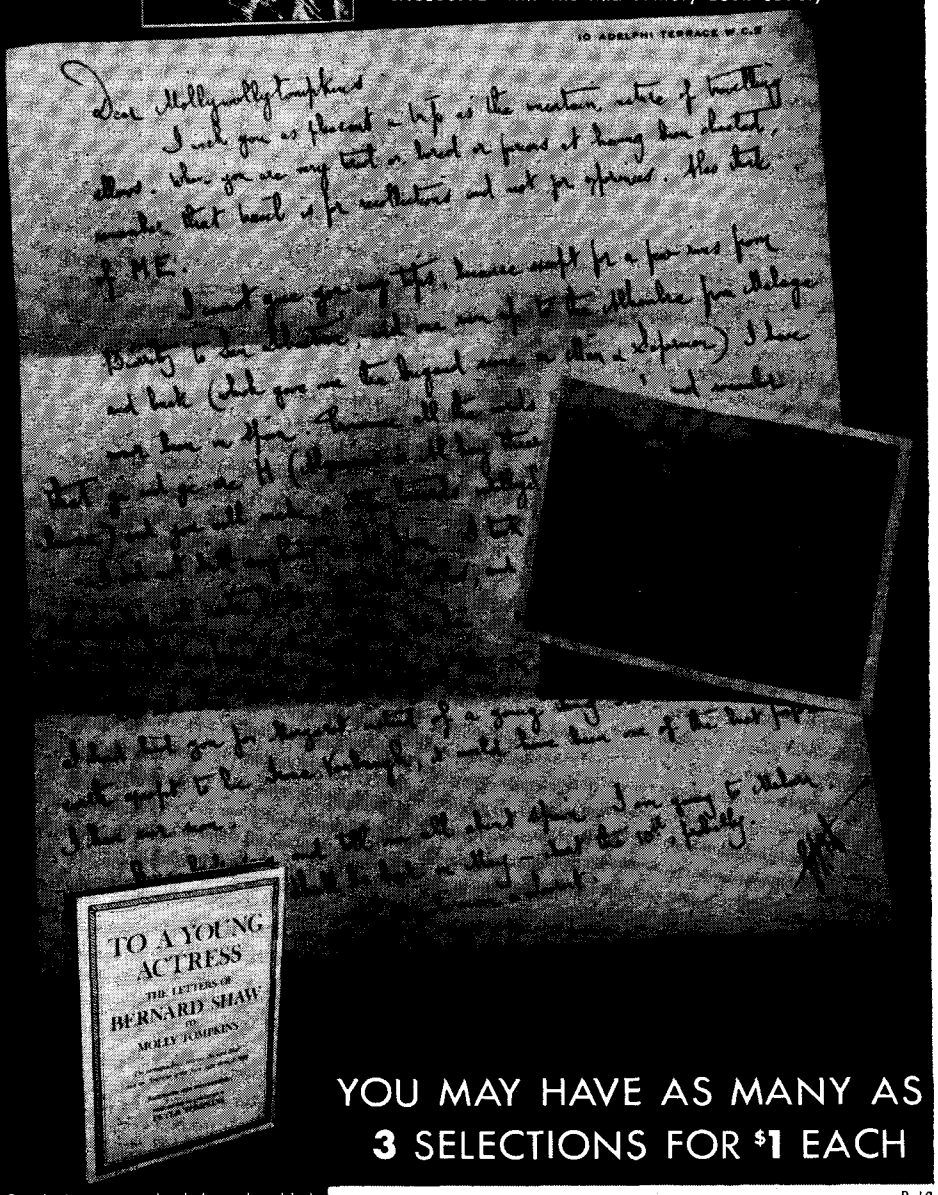

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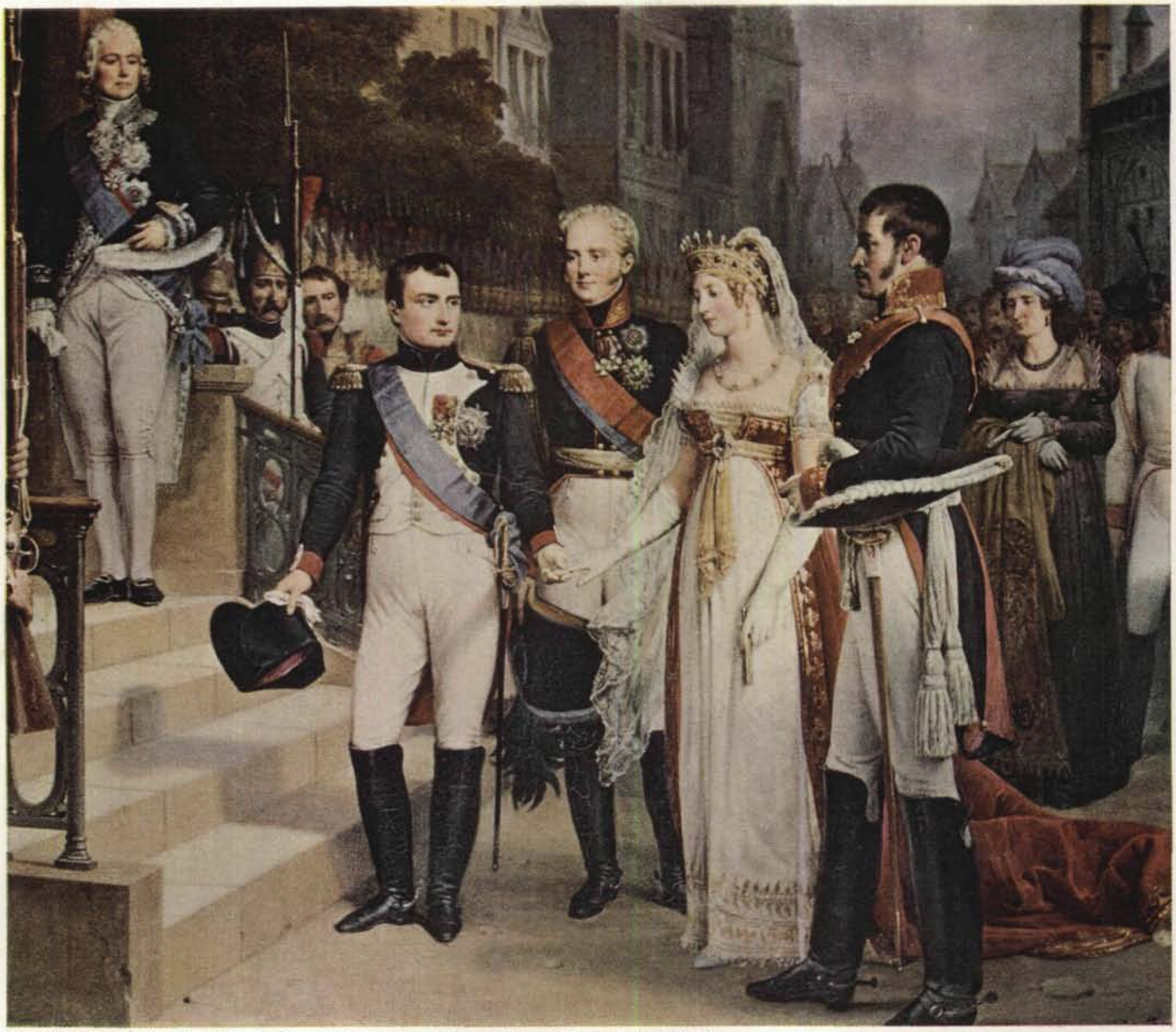

Napoléon Reçoit à Tilsitt La Reine de Prusse. Détail de la peinture par Gosse. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon receives the Queen of Prussia at Tilsit, July 6, 1807 upon her arrival for the signing of the peace treaty between France and Prussia. Also shown in the group are Talleyrand, Czar Alexander of Russia, King Frederick William III of Prussia.

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